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THE BATTLE OF EUROPE

DMIRABLE alike in the bold simplicity of its esign and in the technical excellence of its xecution, the Allied plan for the invasion of icily has already achieved impressive success. Let due allowance be made for the indifferent uality of the Italian coastal divisions: even so, land a whole Army Group on hostile beaches ith almost negligible losses of men and ships as a remarkable feat. And if chief credit for he safe crossing from Africa be assigned to the Navy, it has clearly been due in large part to the reparatory and supporting operations of the ir arm that the land forces, moving with vigour nd speed, have in less than a week converted heir bridgeheads into an extensive base which ncludes the harbours of Syracuse and Augusta. The enemy's failure to organise any effective ounter-attack with his mobile reserves during he critical first phase, before the invaders could e properly deployed and grouped, may be scribed partly to the probability that General Guzzoni, uncertain where the blow would fall, ad scattered his field divisions widely about the sland; but a further important factor may well ave been the havoc created in his communications and supply bases by the Allied air forces.

That this model exercise in the use of the three rms in "cubic" warfare should have monopolised this week the front pages of British and American newspapers is natural and warranted. Apart from their readers' special interest in heir own countrymen's fortunes in the field, the trategic significance of what has been achieved great. Not merely does the size of the invading orce justify fully the term "major diversion," ut what can be done in Sicily can be done elsehere: Fortress Europe has a lengthy coast-line; nd, though some of its garrison may be of sterner tuff than the coastal gunners of Sicily, we have ow proof that, given command of the sea and upremacy in the local air, the defences can be reached. As an augury for the future this emonstration, we feel sure, will not be underated in Moscow, where gratification at their llies' initiative is tempered with sub-acid radio omment that the Red Army is still bearing the runt of the war—an attitude in its turn neither unnatural nor unwarranted. For the Soviet forces have now been engaged for nearly a fortnight, on the 100-mile sector of the Kursk salient, in meeting what can now be clearly discerned as a major German offensive, limited in the extent of its front but launched with a massive concentration, particularly of armoured divisions. It is no error in perspective for the Russians to hold that this great battle, in which the enemy has committed probably over 500,000 men, overshadows in *immediate* importance even the arrival of their Allies in an outpost of European soil.

Why did Hitler embark on a full-scale attack in Russia at a moment when it must have been obvious to his General Staff that Anglo-American operations somewhere in the Mediterranean were fairly imminent? It is a question which the German public (to say nothing of the Italian) is almost certainly asking; for Sertorius, the Berlin radio commentator on the war, has given the curious explanation (which, incidentally, covers German failure to win much ground) that the Führer willed a "battle of attrition." That this was the real object is too inconsistent with Germany's known man-power problem to be credible. Though his generals can hardly be supposed to have advised him that Moscow could now be captured or Russia knocked out of the war, Hitler must have embarked on the Battle of Kursk either because be felt it to be politically essential at home to achieve something as an offset to Stalingrad, Tunisia and the battered Rhineland, or because he hoped to inflict on the Red Army a sufficiently crippling blow, not merely to avert another Russian winter offensive this year, but to enable him to redistribute his divisions southwards and westwards in time to forestall Anglo-American initiatives.

Hitler's gamble, as desperate a stake as that of Ludendorff in May, 1918, has given the United Nations—thanks to the Red Army's so far unbroken firmness in defence—the greatest opportunity hitherto presented in the European war. How far they will benefit by it depends not only on Russian fortitude and resources but on the speed with which the initiative seized in Sicily can be developed and extended. If there is one lesson of this war from which nations whose fleets and air forces have secured ascendancy should profit by learning from their adversary's initial successes, it is that speed of movement and striking-power counts for more than numbers.

Inside the Axis

Sicily, starved and neglected by Rome, stands towards Italy much as Ireland once stood to England. Too much, therefore, should not be deduced from very welcome reports of Sicilian friendliness to our invasion; we may hope for, but not count on, a similar reaction in the Peninsula. Too little is yet known of the joint effects of bombing on the one hand and somewhat vague assurances of good will on the other.

More important in the long run are indications of confused opinion in Germany. Here are a few revealing items. Take, for instance, this piece of Nazi "self-criticism" in a bombed area. "Grumblers," says a western German paper, "can always be knocked on the head." But for some of the grumbling, it seems, the Nazis are themselves to be blamed. When things go wrong under Allied bombing, this Nazi organ explains, people no longer take notice of what Nazi leaders say. The Nazi organisation in blitzed areas has been remarkable, but "people take it for granted, because they have been spoilt and dulled by the constant use of superlatives." These have been so exaggerated recently that one "gets the impression that when the enemy raids our towns and armament centres, he only does so so that local Nazis may distinguish themselves before the public. It is high time that this sort of thing is stopped."

Next consider a recent article that appeared in the official *National Zeitung* (Essen) of June 20th. According to this account there has been an increasing number of complaints about "foreign workers" (especially those from Eastern Europe) persistently begging in food shops. All owners of food shops are asked to collaborate in energetic counter-measures to stop this nuisance. Often, it seems, misplaced sympathy and ignorance of actual conditions leads to the "ridiculous demands" of these foreigners being granted.

Short-sighted and soft-hearted people think that the distribution of food to begging foreigners without coupons is "a natural courtesy" and try to persuade shopkeepers to help them when the latter are "acting correctly." According to the official view, all foreign workers, including those in communal camps are supplied with sufficient food.

Consider the implications of this extraordinary statement. Picture the scene; famished Poles standing outside the shops; decent people giving them food and asking the shopkeepers to let them have something to keep them alive (their rations are half the very meagre German rations), the shopkeepers wanting to be decent, too, and hesitating lest they are reported. Housewives getting angry on behalf of the starving workers and threatening the shopkeepers. One gets an astonishingly clear picture of the increasing breakdown of Nazi administration, of the impossibility of sustaining among common people a regime so fantastically cruel, and one sees growing before one's eyes the solidarity of working people who have never believed in racial nonsense and still believe that starving people should be fed whatever their nationality.

Finally, fresh news about Germany comes from a very reliable Berne paper, *Die Nation.* Apparently opinion in Munich was so stirred by the revolt of the Munich students that the authorities had to abandon their intention of publicly hanging the Munich students. Immediately after their private execution the number of anti-Nazi slogans on the walls increased, not only in Munich but in many other towns in Germany. The university porter, who is believed to have betrayed the students' organisation, has been found murdered. According to *Die Nation*, Munich, which used to be officially known as the Capital of the Nazi Movement, is now nicknamed the Capital of the Opposition—"the problem child of National Socialist Germany."

Polish Soldiers and Peasants

As was to be expected, the death of General Sikorski has confronted the Polish Government in exile with a complicated problem. The President acted correctly when he asked the Vice-Premier, M. Mikolajckyk, a leader of the Peasant Party and himself the son of a farm-labourer, to form the new Cabinet. He also acted according to the letter of that highly temperamental document, the Polish Constitution, when he appointed General Sosnkowski Commander-in-Chief without waiting to consult the Premier-Designate or the Cabinet he was getting together. This is a serious matter, first for the obvious reason that it is an offence to democracy, and secondly because this particular soldier was an enemy of the Soviet Union, so extreme that he had resigned office as a protest against the agreement which Sikorski concluded with Stalin in 1941. Confronted with this appointment M. Mikolajckyk very properly threatened to resign with his colleagues, and reminded the President that he had given General Sikorski an undertaking to suspend the articles of the Constitution which define the status of the Commander-in-Chief. This singular Constitution reflects the romantic militarism of Marshal Pilsudski. He despised civilians and the whole tradition of representative government so completely that though he meant to be the real head of the State, he did not choose to be either President or Premier. These posts he gave to puppets, while he himself in untrammelled independence commanded the army and took precedence on all ceremonial occasions over the Premier. Is this highly reactionary General Sosnkowski to step into the Dictator's shoes, with all the "Colonels" (as Pilsudski's lieutenants and admirers were called) to back him? The Peasant Party made a firm stand, and the outcome of the crisis is the formation of a more democratic government in which both the Peasant Party and the Socialists have increased their representation. What understanding has been reached on the crucial question of the status of the Commander-in-Chief is not yet clear, but it is said that an agreement has been reached which will confine him to military functions.

British Correspondents in Africa

On Wednesday Mr. Astor asked a question in the House of Commons about the position of British correspondents in North Africa. The *News Chronicle* has already spoken plainly on the subject. The American administration in Algiers approved a visit of British civilian correspondents for the period of one month. The British papers and the Foreign Office naturally assumed that this month's visa would be renewed from June 6th when it was granted. American Command, however, intended one month and no more. The correspondents have left Algiers (amongst them is Mr. Claud Cockburn, who appears to have surprised the Americans by being Frank Pitcairn of the *Daily Worker.* He has not been allowed to send messages to his paper, and is shortly expected back.) The result is that, while American papers are full of voluminous reports from North Africa from accredited war correspondents who deal with political as well as with military operations, British papers which wish to discuss the general situation in North Africa, and have relied on civilian reporters for their facts, are no longer able to publish first-hand news. This is a matter which should be taken up both by the British press and by the Foreign Office; and we hope that the American administration will agree that the present position is indefensible.

Lira Exchange

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has refused to divulge what exchange rate had been fixed for the *lira* in Pantellaria and Lampedusa. If all goes well the question will soon come up in Sicily. In Italian North Africa the rate was fixed at 480 *lire* to the pound, based on the depreciated black market price. To undervalue the *lira* in terms of sterling gives a temporary advantage to occupying troops, who can buy whatever there may be in the shops correspondingly cheap. This has an unpleasant resemblance to Nazi methods which consorts ill with our claim as liberators. It is, moreover, extremely shortsighted, for the exchange depreciation is soon wiped out by a rise of prices, and merely makes the task of the occupying administration in curbing inflation all the harder.

Housing Plans

In spite of all the large talk about a national housing policy, any planning which is actually going on appears to be entirely piecemeal. Local authorities have been asked to make returns of their building plans for the first post-war year, but they have been given no guidance, except a request to consult the Regional Planning Officers, on the question of localisation of industry, the methods of acquiring sites, the amount of subsidy that they can expect or the allocation of financial responsibility, and no indication of any scheme to control the price of building materials. Mr. Brown, in reply to a question in the House, said that plans covering 130,000 houses have already been received from local authorities. These no doubt mainly concern schemes which were interrupted by the war, and it may be all to the good to have plans ready for a quick start as soon as demobilisation begins. But the doctrine that local planning should precede the "discussions of broad policy" and the formulation of a long-term housing programme is plain nonsense. The local authorities are being asked to undertake a responsibility for which they are in the nature of the case entirely unsuited because the Government cannot bring itself to make up its mind on the fundamentals of housing policy.

Government of Industry, for Industry, by Industry

Many industrialists who are taking part in discussions of post-war policy are ready to admit the need for at least some measure of State control, but the spokesmen of the F.B.I. put all their faith in "self-government of industry," that to say, a system under which industries organised into a series of complete monopol with power to regulate new entry, fix minim prices, make deals with their opposite memb in other countries, and in general govern the wh economic life of the nation without responsibil to any authority outside themselves. Mr. Dibb in an address to the Birmingham Institute Export, gives the latest exposition of this point view. He even goes the length of advocat that exchange control should be operated by t industrialists' organisations. All is put forw in the name of individual freedom of enterpri and Mr. Dibben even has the affrontery to quo Alfred Marshall, the great apostle of the ben ficent effects of competition, in support of case. On the problem of maintaining emplo ment he has nothing to say, except: "I am co vinced that only by the retention of priva enterprise and the profit motive can the fulle and regular employment of our people be secured. The record of the last twenty years has evident failed to shake his conviction, but the public large can hardly be expected to share it.

Economic Warfare and Colonies (*by a Pa liamentary Correspondent*)

The press showed little interest in Dingle Foo able review of economic warfare. The story of th gradual tightening of the noose round the thro of the Axis Powers in Europe and the Far East a good one, and the tribute paid to Dalton we deserved for initiating the navicert system a for making the R.A.F. realise the importance of planned destruction of the enemy's econom resources. The only controversial side of th debate was the Government's refusal to exten its meagre schemes for succouring the starving i occupied countries by sending supplies of drie milk and medicaments for women and childre Despite suggestions from all sides of the Hou they stuck to the view that "if we dispatched foo to people in occupied countries we should b feeding workers or their families who, howeve unwillingly, were working against us." What th results of our successful blockade will be on th future population of Europe is horrible to co template.

The large amount of time given by Labou M.P.s to questions and debates over the last tw years on Colonial questions is beginning to be fruit. Stanley's speech marked a very big ste forward. Not only did he pay the usual lip servic to the goal of self-government, but he adumbrate schemes for training the colonial peoples for th purpose. Various schemes for developing highe education in general and university education i particular, especially in West Africa, we sketched and the need for extending primar education stressed. The importance of trad unions, co-operatives of various trades and loc government institutions in training the loc inhabitants in "running their own show" wa recognised and more scope promised for native in important positions in the colonial civil servic The British Government hoped to encourag secondary industries provided too much stimulu in the way of tariffs was not required. Not enoug importance, however, was attached to the nee for better technical training both in the industri and agricultural fields if the necessary economi development was to accompany the growth o political manhood. In the debate Sir Edwar Grigg pressed the need for bringing the Dom inions, especially South Africa, into partnershi in developing the Empire. There are grea dangers in such proposals as long as a ferociou colour bar is accepted by South African rulin circles, both Boer and British. In reply to th debate Hudson suggested the erection of region commissions by the various powers interested i particular areas. The power and scope of the bodies was left very vague despite Creech Jones' attempts to get the Government to be mor specific. The House will expect more definit proposals before it gives approval to such form of limited internationalisation.

SICILY : PAST AND FUTURE

SICILY is a word that means history. Like all he islands of the Western Mediterranean, it had s pivotal place in the story of most of the kingdoms and empires that struggled for the mastery f the Middle Sea. To-day Britons, Canadians nd Americans battle to wrest it from Germans nd Italians. How often before have men of he North, speaking a Teutonic tongue, held it or a time? The Goths were here before them; he Vandals left a memory of bigotry and ruin, ut the Normans still extort our wonder and espect as we view their cathedrals, worthy to tand beside the noblest remains of the Greeks. Some splendid personalities stand out, taller y a head than most of the kings and soldiers who have fought for this island; that Dionysius f Syracuse whom Plato honoured with his riendship; Alcibiades, as fatal by his charm as y his treachery; Belisarius and Voltaire's ero Tancred; the Emperor Frederick II perhaps he most intriguing figure of medieval Europe, who started an astounding career as its king; its brilliant governor, Don John of Austria, who broke the Turkish navy at Lepanto, and finally, he noblest of them all, Giuseppe Garibaldi.

Among all these there is not a single Sicilian name. Sicily suffered history: it never made t. Greeks and Saracens, Carthaginians and Romans, Spaniards and Frenchmen, Goths, Vandals and Normans, stained its seas with their blood and vanquished its cities in turn. Wiser, t may be, than them all, the Sicilians tended heir fruit-trees, and talked, if we may trust Theocritus, about their kids and lambs on their mountain slopes and the spells that bring a faithless lover back. It is possible, however, o take another view of their existence. From Punic times until the present day, they dug or silver, marble and sulphur in their masters' mines, of all the proletarians of Europe perhaps he most miserable and the least free.

It is tempting to compare the enterprise of his Anglo-American invasion with other decisive ampaigns in which Sicily has played a part. Always sea-power was sovereign. The rules hat governed it have suffered little change. Air-power repeats its pattern in another element, without greatly changing its laws. Our battleships and aircraft carriers succeed when they obey the strategy which the triremes first exemplified under Carthaginian or Roman captains. Always the first sound step was to win the mastery f the Sicilian narrows. That Carthage understood very well, and her first action in her long uel with Rome, was by treaty to forbid the ships f that upstart Power to navigate them. The bler of the soldiers who mastered Sicily achieved he exploit by following much the same plan hat Generals Eisenhower and Alexander adopted. First they won a base on the African coast, call t Carthage or Bizerta, as you please, Utica or Tunis. Did the Athenians fail in their disastrous expedition, among other good reasons, because hey had no such base?

The campaigns that furnish the closest parallel with that of to-day and the happiest omen were hose of Belisarius, the greatest soldier of the Byzantine Empire. It was this South Slav nd none of his Greek rivals who gave splendour o the reign of the Emperor Justinian. In his first campaign he broke the power of the Vandal Kingdom, what stretched in the early sixth century from Cyrenaica to the Atlantic and carried off its king in triumph. Next he did in second campaign what our forces will have to o before long—occupied Sardinia and Corsica. His third campaign, still based on Africa, wrested Sicily from the Goths, who had taken it over from the Vandals. Finally, with Sicily as his base, he crossed into Calabria to grapple at close quarters with the formidable military power of he Goths—the first, but not the last or the worst f the German invaders who have controlled taly. Rome opened her gates to him without esistance. Will that happen again? How he wept northwards to Ravenna and then aroused the jealousy of an emperor who was hardly worthy of the soldiers and jurists who served him, we need not relate, for there the parallel halts. Enough that this Byzantine soldier blazed the trail which with all their panoply of machinery American and British generals must follow after fourteen centuries.

Sicily is in itself a notable objective, but like all the rest of the world, we think of it chiefly as the bridgehead which will lead our armies, over a narrow ribbon of salt water, into Calabria and continental Europe. Rather late in the day, in political declarations which come from statements of Roosevelt and Churchill, our propaganda is preparing Italians for the coming of our armies. While scholars may remember what Belisarius did in the sixth century, Italians will recollect that Garibaldi also followed this same road. The thousand landed at Marsala, won Sicily by a daring stroke, then crossed into Calabria and marched on to Naples and beyond it, sweeping away an effete but brutal tyranny which could only delay them as they advanced. The present Fascist despotism is better organised and better armed and it has what the Bourbon Kingdom of the Two Sicilies lacked, a German ally to defend it. But if we know how to act, it is possible that the best and sturdiest part of the Italian nation may feel towards our armies something of what their grandfathers felt for Garibaldi's red shirts. Italians have lost, indeed, the dream of a second Roman Empire, with which their Duce lured them to their defeat. It is doubtful whether on the world stage Italy will again rank as a Great Power with an army and fleet capable only of impoverishing her people. But without these trappings she may the more easily win back the "respect" which the President has promised her. Her genius was only degraded by the vulgar and transient successes of her Fascists. We hope for a more concrete Anglo-American declaration designed to banish the hysterical alarm that Mussolini has laboured to arouse. Italians should know that their country will not be dismembered, since the only enemy our armies combat is the Fascist idea and the Fascist State. What will take its place? The underground movements have combined to promote a democratic republic, for the Royal House of Savoy was hopelessly compromised by its acquiescence and partnership in Fascism. The mass of the people, it may be, was too severely regimented and corrupted by the Dictatorship to have any decided opinion to-day or to be capable of action. The future lies, therefore, with the minority that never bent its head.

The political framework which Italy will acquire when the fighting ends has to satisfy one all-important test. Will it be capable of grappling with the poverty and helplessness which afflicted this country, above all in the rural districts of Sicily and the South? Fascism had aggravated what is not a recent problem by suppressing all the movements that were struggling to raise the standard of life of peasants and workers—the Catholic Popolari no less than the Socialists and the free Cooperatives. Worse even than this, by its combination of brutality with espionage, it had spent twenty years in sapping the character and corrupting the mind of the Italian nation, but more especially of its middle class. Throughout the greater part of this period the Church and the Vatican had given their full support to the Dictatorship. There were in Italy no higher ecclesiastics who separated themselves by public protest from the Fascist regime as the Bishops of Münster and Berlin and Cardinal Faulhaber did in Germany. The Pope even blessed the conquest of Abyssinia. There were, indeed, among the people and among the parish priests, Catholics who did detest and combat Fascism, like Don Sturzo, the respected leader of the People's Party, but it was as much the heads of the Church as the Fascist rulers who drove him into exile and ended the activity of his Party.

We have in Silone's novels, perhaps the most notable reflection in literature of the experience through which Europe has passed in recent years, a picture of life in the more backward and impoverished regions of Italy which for all its wit and audacity we take to be the truth as only a master-mind can see it. No one can read *Fontamara* without wishing to see the great estates swept away, whose landlords exploited the peasants as ruthlessly as ever the Prussian Junkers did. Nor can anyone suppose that this is likely to happen, so long as Italy is ruled by an alliance between property and the Church. Fascism was little more than the combination of demagogy with coercion which gave that alliance its long lease of power. What is still sound in Italy is not to be sought at the top, neither in the world of big business, nor near the helpless king, nor round the Vatican. Some of it is in exile, chiefly in the United States. The personalities of its elder leaders we know and respect—Sforza, Salvemini, Sturzo. But the men who will have to win back the lost manhood of this nation are as yet unknown—the young men who fought for the Republic in Spain, the workers who led the strikes in Turin and Milan, the few intellectuals who kept their minds free at the cost of their safety and their careers, and here and there a truly Christian priest, like the noble old man who is the hero of Silone's *Bread and Wine*. In Sicily first and in Italy next, it should be the aim of the United Nations, in so far as foreigners and invaders may wisely exert an influence, to give such forces as these their chance.

LONDON, 1993

WHEN the Romans built London, it was a settlement near a river mouth, a convenient spot for a Government and residential centre, for access to the sea and the Continent. The County of London to-day is the seat of government and administrative core of an Empire, a great port, a centre of commerce and culture, and a network of towns and villages, many of them highly industrialised. Its area (with the City) is 117 square miles, including large districts where the only public open spaces are the roads: its pre-war population was about 4,062,800. Beyond the arbitrary line which marks its boundary there is a continuous, though gradually less dense, urban development: the population of Greater London is double that part of it which is contained within the County.

Of this vast area, only the City, the docks and industrial East End, Westminster and Whitehall, the West End shopping and residential district with Clubland and Theatreland, and small centres such as the Inns of Court and the group of South Kensington museums, have preserved their essential character. The London with which most of its population has a daily familiarity is chaotic. Typical is the main road congested with vehicles at crawling speed, lined with shops, some flourishing, others redundant, a corner site bombed, a restful Georgian terrace partly hidden by a blatant garage, a row of new villas—badly proportioned and shoddily built, a brewery, a church, an out-of-date school, some made-down tenements, a half-finished housing estate with five-storey blocks, a cinema, a printing works, a tube station, a viaduct, a hospital, a mid-Victorian mission hall. In the less industrialised districts there are more open spaces, better houses and gardens, but with the exception of a few well-ordered estates there is the same dreariness of mixed development, mis-use of space, poor architecture and crowded travelling. All the essentials for life and work are here, but without form.

This is the Town that Jack Built: what is to be done with it? The saying "the bombing has given us our opportunity" is true, in a literal sense, of only small areas; over most of London the bombing has created as many problems as it has solved, for bombs are not discriminating. But the blitz and the cessation of building and shifting of population due to the war have compelled us to think. The authors of *County of London Plan*, 1943, have been thinking surpassingly well.* The chief credit goes to J. H. Forshaw, architect to the L.C.C., and Patrick Abercombie, the famous town-planner, who have worked with a team drawn from the Council's permanent staff. They have given us a practical plan based on hard detailed fact-finding and statistical work, inspired by a sensitive imagination alive to human needs. The illustrated volume outlining the 50 years' scheme, the proposed stages in its realisation, and the information and calculations which are its foundations, is a lovely and exciting production; and it will be a poor sort of Londoner who does not thrill as he looks and reads. For the Londoner knows that he could be proud of his London. It is his loved child—wayward, dirty and out-of-hand, it is true; other people's children may be handsomer, more self-controlled and orderly, but there is only one London, and he wants it to be worthy of its heritage.

Here is a plan by which industries which have no special need to remain in or return to London should be removed, taking more than half a million people with them, and those industries which remain be better housed and reasonably concentrated; a plan by which it is hoped to abolish traffic congestion and to isolate famous precincts by tunnelling and the provision of alternative traffic routes; to abolish slums and replace ugly and worn-out buildings by the best work our architects can produce, to open up long stretches of the river and restore this "largest of London's open spaces" to the public; to develop the south bank round a great national cultural and recreational centre; a plan to provide open spaces—four acres to every one thousand of the population—parkways and tree-lined roads to the open country; a plan by which freedom and beauty are to be shared by all classes; above all, a plan which aims at restoring community life by re-establishing neighbourhood units centring in the historic townships which have now nearly lost their identity.

Within their terms of reference, the planners could hardly have done a better piece of work. But is it possible to make a plan for London? London is not a unit. Professor Abercrombie and his colleagues are at work on a regional plan embracing outer London (an alternative scheme by the R.I.B.A. has been on view at the National Gallery); but neither a county nor a regional plan can be implemented without the outline of a national plan. The authors of the London plan have carried out detailed research into the location of industry and the trend of its movements before the war. They discuss at some length which industries should move out of London, and indicate the difficulties of inducing this movement. It is clear that a greater decentralisation of industry than that envisaged in the report would be desirable. They decide to adopt a standard of open space and residential density which involves 611,000 persons leaving London. This is not by any means as great a decentralisation of population as they desire, but a greater movement of population would not "be reasonably expected to be balanced by that of industry." If, as other parts of the report seem to imply, this decentralisation is to take place largely into the outer London region and new satellite towns in the home counties (and the population of Hertfordshire is still only one person to the acre, so there is ample space for such developments) will not these new centres inevitably lead to a great extension of the dormitory system, upsetting the admirable traffic recommendations of the report? Is the dormitory system at all a socially desirable system? The Planners have to get rid of enough industries and people to enable them to make a good life for those who remain; they cannot discuss what happens to the outcasts once they are over the border, nor the repercussions of their going.

Rightly the Planners urge that London needs the vitalising presence of the larger families and the newly married, and that enough single family houses, school and play place, and other amenities must be provided for them. In working to their three population densities, 100, 136, and 200 persons per net residential acre (if open space and community buildings be included, the density is roughly equivalent to 60, 75 and 97 respectively), they have allowed a slightly higher concentration near the centre, especially near the Royal Parks and in the north-west. This is as it should be. It is not a question of penalising the "working classes." M.P.s want to be in Central London as well as waiters; actors and editors as well as scene-shifters and newsboys. The mixed development of 4-, 7- and 10-storey flats, well-sited, and houses, is a good solution architecturally and socially for the centre. Is it a good solution for the outer boroughs? Should there be any 10-storey blocks in the new Eltham, or even in the new Poplar, near the docks? Should there be any 7-storey blocks? Few English people really prefer living in these flats, although views over the new London would be a great attraction. Old people seldom like tall flats, and those with children should not live in flats at all. The Planners are, therefore, allowing for a high proportion of single persons, newly married and childless couples. They would like to provide for not more than 100 persons per residential acre, or 60 overall density. What fundamentally is the reason for the compromise? Is it not to be found in high site values, and the "needs of industry"?

The Planners make the best of a bad old system, instead of building for a new one. They accept the trends which were apparent before the war and provide for more motor cars but not for more children. There was nothing else for them to do. They were not asked to plan for a new ideology, for a socialised England in which the Government and the L.C.C. could freely dictate the use of space for the good of the community. In these respects they have gone a long way along the road to the land of Heart's Desire for the common man, as witness their insistence on the acceptance of the principles of the Uthwatt, Scott and Barlow Reports, on the vast expenditure of public money for the Plan, including the National Park on the south bank of the river, and the mixture of classes, particularly in the West End residential area. The Plan, then, is bold and constructive: it is not revolutionary. It is a plan within rigid limits—the physical limits of the County of London, and the spiritual limits of an England which is not fully ready to put first things first. If we are to see the realisation of this dream of a planned city, Socialists and Planners must be aware of the new call on their determination. Only when we have a national planning policy in which there is no trace of subservience to vested interest can the immense labours of our experts be justified.

Irene T. Barclay

A LONDON DIARY

As new fighting fronts develop and bombing diminishes here, so the danger grows of the kind of division between civilian and Service opinion that occurred in the last war. Mass Observation provides this week an interesting survey of Army opinion here. But what of the views of sailors, and what of the R.A.F. and the Army in Africa? I have in front of me a few clues. First, there is a strong letter from a leading-aircraftman who complains that all of us at home are beginning to talk as if the Services had a special point of view of their own. He declares that there is no "uniform" language. The Army consists of ordinary citizens. In flat contrast, I have a letter from a young officer (airborne and possibly by now in Sicily) who says that the Army as such is developing its own point of view. After the war, he says, "throat-cutti and petty bickering won't amuse us"; t Army won't want to be treated "as heroes as children"; it has grown up and toughen politically as well as physically.

"We don't want idealism in theory, but do want a chance to work out our ideals."

> You who are working on the home front no look out what you do with your position while are away. You are responsible. There is a to be set in order. You had better get weavi right away. We are prepared to win the peac so don't queer our pitch.

This state of mind is the more revealing becau of the obvious contradiction in it. Equal interesting are letters in the copies of the A *Force News*, the weekly paper distributed to th R.A.F. in the Middle East. The Editor h thrown open pages to correspondence abou the post-war world. The writers agree in declarin that they want something quite different aft the war. The two most insistent trends ar (*a*) Security (the Beveridge idea is firmly im planted), and (*b*) freedom from restriction. few see the difficulty of combining desirab planning with the absence of bureaucrac Here is a good sentence, "What we simpl cannot afford is twice within 25 years to b thrown unprepared into the hazards of peace." The regular demands are equal education, goo pensions, no big monopolies and no class syste I am sure that many agree with a corresponde who said that when Britain has cleared up th mess, he wants a wife and a garden, whic should be divided into three parts, one fo flowers, one for vegetables and one for a fishin pond. Then he didn't want anyone to distur him. Another good comment is that the natio that could produce the Beveridge Report durin a desperate war is capable of anything.

* * *

Mr. Muff is not, as I assumed at first, pseudonym, but the real name of a Labour M.P. With several colleagues he visited some of th public schools, and came away with enthusias that overflowed into the correspondence column of the *Times*. I have never seen a more ludicrou example of the way in which people who hav been brought up to regard the upper classe as different from themselves, fall flat on thei backs when they discover that they are courteou and pleasant and quite unlike the caricature Unused to deference, when they reach the Hous of Commons as representatives of the worker they take all the small change of courtesy for re payment. Why they should have expected Britis public schools, which have a Roman tradition, t be homes of sybaritic luxury, or why they shoul be surprised that they are treated in a friendl way by the boys of Eton and Winchester, is reall hard to imagine. So stunning was the effect i this case that Mr. Muff fell into the trap o suggesting that all we needed was a "door ajar" to more scholarship entrants from other schools That, of course, is exactly the way to perpetua the class government of England. The re reasons for objecting to the present public schoo system has never crossed the mind of thes innocent victims of "the aristocratic embrace."

* * *

The voluntary bodies that work for th amenities of Britain are, I find, most bothere by the fact that they cannot make Sir Ro Robinson, Chairman of the Forestry Commission, even understand what they are talking abou It is perhaps because he is an Australian, they sa that they cannot make him see that it matte that in a pine wood no birds sing and no flowe grow. No member of the Forestry Commissio is in the House of Commons to answer question and the people I have seen from the Council fo the Preservation of Rural England, and th Friends of the Lake District and other simila bodies, hold that it would be best to bring th Forestry Commission under the Ministry o Agriculture or the Ministry of Town and Countr Planning. They are not trying to stop the plantin of soft wood in suitable places, but they are reall rmed by the prospect of substituting conifers r the ash, beech and oak of England.

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* *County of London Plan*, 1943. Prepared for the L.C.C. by J. H. Forshaw and Patrick Abercombie. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

* * *

"A fine type, these girls," said a man in front me to his wife as we passed lines of Norwegian T.S. drawn up as bodyguard for King Haakon. understood that remark, though not having a ife on hand, I had been content to remark to yself that some of the girls were very attractive. he occasion was a royal gala performance of the m version of Steinbeck's *The Moon is Down*, at e Tivoli on Monday. A genuine and unusual nction, I thought. The King is a democratic ure who has earned, not only inherited, public spect. Resistance in Norway is really the roic refusal of a free people to accept slavery, d I found it a moving experience to watch Steinck's picture (which shows what courage actually sts) in the presence of so many of the relatives the characters in the film. There are asinine itics who complain that the film is in some odd y insufficiently anti-Nazi. Judging from its fect on myself, it is the most admirable proganda. It produces a mood of anger and termination which no crude propaganda could er achieve. For this is real. This is a pretty r account of the stages of the German occupan in Norway; first they believed that they uld find it easy to induce these unsophisticated rking and fishing people to accept them, and en they were driven on to deeds of evercreasing brutality as the conquered refused to slaves. The German Colonel (admirably ayed by Sir Cedric Hardwicke in the film) is telligent enough to see the doom that Germany bringing on herself and to understand what e Norwegian Mayor ("a Mayor is not a man, t an idea conceived by a free people") is talking out. The brutality of the film is effective just cause those who commit the atrocities and those ho suffer them, both understand.

* * *

Last week I remarked that sometimes when e public imagines that the State is taking over industry, the truth is rather that the industry moving into Whitehall. I had not then seen e reply made by Sir Andrew Duncan in the ouse of Commons to a question by Tom riberg. Sir Andrew stated that:

> There are 61 officers in the Ministry of Supply holding senior posts remunerated at £600 a year or more whose services have been made available by I.C.I. There are also a number of former employees of the company who have been engaged in the normal course of recruitment, mainly for service in the Ministry's industrial establishments.

hich perhaps explains why it is sometimes own as the Ministry of I.C. Supply. Critic

CALM

We are calm.—Rome Radio, July 12th.

Syracuse reported taken!
    Rome is calm!
Sicily's defences shaken!
    Rome is calm.
Spezia and Bologna seething!
Naples mass-evacuations!
Milanese in thousands leaving!
Turin strikes and demonstrations!
From Passero to Palermo
Sicily is one inferno!
    Rome is calm.

Rome's calm is not static
But calm at high tension,
Electric, volcanic,
Fraught with vibrant exertion
Of white-hot tenacity.
It is not phlegmatic
But force in suspension
The calm of assertion,
Titanic, organic
With virile pugnacity.
    Rome is calm.

Through Fascist volition
With calm realistic,
Symbolic, synthetic,
Historical, typical,
With dramatic finality,
With the calm of decision,
Calm characteristic,
Heroic, splenetic,
Cohesive, political,
With the calm of fatality,
    Rome is calm.

Amid trials and purges,
Exposures regrettable,
And house-to-house searches,
With calm unforgettable,
Dynamic in action,
With calm apoplectic,
With the calm of distraction,
With calm almost hectic,
With calm cataclysmal,
With calm paroxysmal,
    ƎWOꓤ is calm.

Sagittarius

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Alan. Wenman.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Sensational Scoop.

England's No. 1 Glamour Girl, Miss Anne Larkin, just released from captivity in Italy, will relate in 6 minutes her experience during 3 years in an Internment Camp.—Advt. in *Wolverhampton Express and Star.*

Sir Herbert Williams, M.P., told a conference of Conservative and Unionist clubmen in London yesterday that pre-war millionaires could not afford to subscribe a single penny towards war savings.

"We can't call our lives our own," said Lord Clanwilliam. "When the war is over we must do our best to get our liberties back."—*Sunday Dispatch.*

Wtd., one or more School Canes; good cond.; state price.—Advt. in *Western Mail.*

From Sunday, as a wartime measure, certain games will be allowed on Sundays in Liverpool parks. Golf and putting will be allowed from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., and bowling, tennis, giant draughts, rounders and boating from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. The Parks Committee withdrew a recommendation that cricket should be played on Sunday afternoons.—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE PROBLEM OF THE FISHERIES

It is a remarkable fact, in the light of history, that the British public is almost wholly ignorant of the British Sea Fishing Industry. It is common talk, in time of war, that the fishermen, like the London policeman discovered by America, are splendid; but few of us take enough interest in them in time of peace to discover the attributes of skill, of character and of hardihood—for danger is the fisherman's daily and nightly companion—which make of them a very present help in time of trouble. Those who wish to know the essential facts about the fishermen and their calling can learn them—and learn them very pleasantly—by reading Mr. Michael Graham's book, *The Fish Gate** I venture to prophesy that those who get so far will wish to learn more, as, indeed, they should, and Mr. Graham's bibliography shows them the way.

Mr. Graham has an engaging way with him. He does not take himself—or anybody else—too seriously, and he does not overstate his case. But he writes in earnest about his main theme and he writes with authority. For he has lived with the industry and knows it, and is one of as competent a team of scientific workers in the field of fish husbandry as this country, or any other, has produced. He is thus able to present an arresting picture of the industry in its various aspects, and of the fate of the fish stocks under modern, mechanised exploitation, and to state with admirable clarity "the Great Law of Fishing," which is, in brief, that uncontrolled competitive fishing becomes unprofitable sooner or later as fishing effort increases. The book is a timely reminder that there is a problem of the Fisheries calling urgently for solution. Urgently, because, unless we are ready to act immediately when the war ends, we shall, as we did at the end of the last war, miss a golden opportunity which only another great war can recreate.

Briefly, the problem which confronts us is how to preserve the British Fishing Industry, which is, as two great wars have revealed, one of the essential bulwarks of the defence of this Island and all it stands for. To maintain a strong and healthy fishing industry we must have adequate supplies of fish in the sea. When the last war began there was a dearth of fish in all adjacent waters because of irrational exploitation or "over-fishing." When the war ended there was abundance of fish, because, owing to enforced restriction of fishing operations, the depleted stocks had had time to recover. Yet the present war came only just in time to save the major part of the industry from bankruptcy resulting from over-fishing. This war, like the last, has provided the fishermen and their craft with a new outlet in place of the fruitless endeavour to make a living out of the over-exploited and dying fisheries.

Fish is a valuable and palatable food, and the staple of our widespread communal kitchens, the fried-fish shops, but we could live—many people do live—without it. Our need is not so much for fish as for fishermen, because we should live always in jeopardy if we had not the fishermen and their vessels ready to slip naturally in times of crisis into their historical rôle as an essential auxiliary arm of the Royal Navy, which, if you go back far enough, you will find sprang from the loins of the fishermen themselves.

The problems of the trawlers and the drifters, into which the fisheries are broadly divided—there are others less extensive—are not identical. The former fish for bottom-feeding or demersal fishes, commonly, owing to the colour of their flesh, designated "white fish," the latter for fish that feed near the surface, chiefly herrings. Fundamentally the troubles of the herring fishermen sprang from the loss of their most valuable foreign markets. Mr. Graham seems to suggest that they could be saved by increased consumption at home. For reasons which I cannot discuss here, but which turn upon the seasonal character of the fishings, the delicacy of the fish and the difficulties of internal distribution, I am unable to agree with him. There is, so far as I know, no evidence of over-fishing of the stocks of herrings and there is a reasonable hope that, when the war ends, the herring fisheries may regain their former markets and enter on a new era of prosperity. So, though we cannot afford to neglect the herring fishing industry—nor the Inshore Fisheries around our coasts—I suggest that the problem of the over-fishing of the white fish fisheries is the one which most urgently demands attention.

The problem is clear. How is it to be solved? For solved it must be. The remedy for over-fishing is less fishing—less fishing of the aggregate of stocks by the combined fishing fleets of all the countries concerned.

We shall have to feel our way towards the complete solution of our problem, but the first step, which must be taken immediately on the cessation of the war is clear enough. The Convention of 1937 whereby the Governments of ten nations of Europe bound themselves to regulate the meshes of fishing-nets and to re-inforce this regulation by prohibiting the landing or sale of fishes of various categories below certain prescribed limits of size must be extended. Unless all our calculations are at fault, there will again be found, after the war, such an accumulation of fish in the fishing grounds that a much larger mesh and much higher size limits for fish could be enforced without hurting anybody, and, indeed, to the ultimate profit of all concerned. The fish released from the nets under such regulations would grow to better market size and value, and some of them would reproduce themselves, providing more fish as time advanced. And the regulations would affect everybody equally.

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* *The Fish Gate*: By Michael Graham. *Faber and Faber.* 10s. 6d.

Here we have a measure which will be widely effective if *applied at once* before the accumulated stocks have been attacked, and the United Nations ought to agree beforehand themselves to apply it and to dictate it to the enemy as a term of the peace. But it is by no means a complete solution.

In the first place no regulation of the mesh will release all undersized fish, and, in particular, many undersized flat fish will be taken. Secondly, by increased fishing effort so large a proportion of the larger fishes may be taken that the fisheries may still be over-fished. But it may be assumed that it will take time for the fishing fleets to get to sea in full strength, and the regulation will go far to protect the restored stocks against immediate sabotage.

The succeeding steps will be much more difficult because they will, almost inevitably, provoke a clash of national interests. By one means or another the application of fishing power must be curtailed. It has been suggested that the relative strength of the national fishing fleets might be fixed by convention. But it seems to me in the highest degree improbable that agreement could be reached along either of these lines. What we need is rules of general application which, leaving no room for argument about individual claims or quotas, will have the effect desired.

I think there is a method of approach worth trying. It will be difficult, delicate and complicated, and will involve this country in a certain risk. We need as many competent fishermen and as many efficient fishing vessels as we can maintain. But it is desirable, and, indeed, our duty to get rid of ill-found, unseaworthy vessels, which tend to degrade the whole standard of British fishing and to bring the profession of fishing into disrepute. Let Parliament now regulate our fishing craft, requiring every fishing vessel to be licensed and to forfeit its licence if it does not conform to certain prescribed conditions. These conditions would involve prescribed standards of seaworthiness, of provisions in other respects for the safety of the crews and for their comfort on board. The enforcement of such standards—which must certainly be much higher than those accepted in the past—would almost certainly lead to a reduction of the number of fishing vessels in commission ; but what we should lose in numbers we should gain in quality. It would, of course, also be a condition of the licence that the vessel and its Master and crew should conform to all regulations governing fishing operations—mesh regulations and the like.

Having made our own regulations, we should invite the other countries concerned to adopt them with such modifications only as different fishing methods might require. If they refused, for my part, I would without hesitation propose that we backed our own regulations by subsidies calculated to redress any handicap to which our fishermen might be exposed and that we should refuse access to our markets—which are likely again to be the most valuable—to the fishery products of any nation which refused to accept our reasonable regulations.

It is only possible here to indicate the general lines of a scheme, which could without much difficulty be elaborated in detail, whereby we might hope to secure not only stability for the fisheries, but, also, an international charter for fishermen. All we need is the courage to try to introduce rational standards of fish husbandry and humane standards of ships husbandry in the widest sense of that term. Courage is needed because it will certainly be difficult ; but delay will make it more difficult still.

HENRY G. MAURICE

HIS PRIVATE WAR-AIM

[By a study of personal statements and a comparison of replies from army and civilian life, "Mass Observation" has attempted an estimate of the "worries" that are now common in the armed forces in this country. This article summarises some outstanding trends of the past year, mainly in the army.]

IN the army, some of the main motives which keep the civilian working and aspiring don't apply at all. There is no security of life, little financial motive. Few soldiers have joined the army as a deliberate calling. Most want to get out as soon as they reasonably, decently can. The main motive for efficiency and fulfilment is to fight the war and get it over. These factors lead to a perpetual underlying impatience, and the process of getting browned off, as evidenced in diaries and personal subjective statements from soldiers, is set going by incidents which, in civilian life, would seem quite small symptoms of a familiar system.

Anything apparently irrelevant to the job in hand annoys the soldier quite disproportionately to the size of the incident. Conscripted into a job he may not like, he only does eagerly those things which he feels necessary to make him efficient. Anything else may become an insult, a further infringement of rights which he has given up in becoming a conscript at all. Elaborate drills, blancoing and polishing, fatigues which appear to be simply a way of filling in time, petty systems of punishment for minor offences or errors, anything else superficially irrelevant to war, set going that mixture of cynicism and subterranean anger which constitutes browned-offness. Privileged action by his superiors, acceptable in civilian life because it is contestable and variable, sometimes puts the soldier into a state of impotent rage which may colour his whole outlook for days or months. There are few conflicting claims on the soldier's attention ; he cannot reconcile himself to inequalities by building up his security, home comforts or spending power. One of the results of this narrowed focus is a process of disillusion with established institutions considerably deeper than among civilians. The pattern of the unit's hierarchy, is generalised on to army leadership as a whole and it is only a short step for this generalisation to be extended to political leadership.

As the war goes on, and as the end begins to seem in sight, the traditional, largely inevitable impatience of the soldier begins to have more important effects on his personal outlook. An investigation among many specimen units in the army, and among civilians, showed that the army had much less faith in the powers of any existing political party to get things "right" after the war, than did the civilian population. Only the Communist Party held hopes for soldiers as often as for civilians, and it was only mentioned by a very small minority of each.

Parallel with political disillusion run fears about the insecurity of the post-war world. Members of the forces tend to be rather more optimistic than civilians about a quick end to the war. As a young private put it, at New Year 1943:

> I personally feel that if 1943 does not see the end of this war in sight and a return to "normal" life I shall lose faith in ever really doing any good for myself. . . . For me 1943 is something to look forward to; one has to, or lose faith in things.

Among the home-based, army optimism about the duration is mitigated by background anxiety about being abroad for some time after peace. At the same time the post-war future, with all the insecurities it holds, looms nearer. There are conflicting motifs running through service ideas about the post-war world. The comforts of civvy street assume an exaggerated value; home and civilian life seem like some dream oasis of peace and rest, holding for many virtues which they probably never possessed in peacetime. In the mental background is the hope, though not necessarily the belief, that the end of the war will mean a "return" to this ideali
personal peace.

Cross-cutting the dream of security and p
sonal freedom are realistic doubts about
opportunities which the post-war world
afford. As the war goes on, fear grows, especi
among the young, that they will have been o
of civvy street too long to pick up where th
left off. As one young private put it :

> There's the fear of the war lasting so long th
> the years of my youth will be past when it's ov
> Twenty-five now, I might be thirty when it's ov
> and at thirty one is getting too old for a good ma
> activities, I suppose.

Cynicism about after-the-war is consisten
stronger among members of the forces th
among civilians. Here are three typical soldi
statements :—

> Fear that post-war upheavals may again ups
> my desires of settling down comfortably at hom
> when the war is over. (Lance-Corporal.)
>
> Fear that the post-war world will be unpleasan
> contrary to my ideals and temperament, and hosti
> to liberty and individuality. This is about
> strong as an abstract fear of this sort can be, an
> amounts almost to a certainty. (Private.)
>
> A fear about things in general after the war-
> that these changes that one hopes for may no
> come about, that things might be worse instead o
> better. (Gunner.)

A year ago the soldier's attitude towards th
post-war world was considerably more imperson
than this. The impersonal is giving way to th
personal. "This nagging uncertainty is th
most disturbing of all," says an infantry O.C.T.U.
candidate of his post-war prospects. And
private of twenty-five who was studying archite
ture before the war :

> I am afraid that the old members will be i
> reserved jobs and will have all the best positio
> after the war, and thus nullify the new thoug
> which was making itself patent in architecture i
> this country in the 'thirties.

The solution to many of these very intelligib
worries lies in the method of demobilisation afte
the war. It is clear from reports that the gre
majority want to get back to civvy street a
quickly as possible after the last all-clear. Despi
a realisation that immediate demobilisation woul
lead to chaos and the very unemployment proble
which is one of the main post-war fears at presen
the basic feeling is that, whatever may happen t
anyone else, "I personally intend to get back a
soon as I conceivably can." Typical of th
more thoughtful private :—

> Like 99 per cent. of all the forces I am on
> awaiting the armistice in order to claim an imme
> diate discharge. However, I realise this is foolis

Many men in the forces feel that, unless i
tended measures are *pre-announced*, unless eff
cient propaganda is forthcoming well *before* th
armistice, the desire to get out will overri
considerations of common sense and perso
security. Some anticipate serious discontent, i
demobilisation is delayed without due preparati
of the soldiers' minds for a longish period i
uniform after the war is over.

Apart from a greater appreciation of the huma
tensions involved in the problem, the methods o
demobilisation suggested by all Services are ve
similar. In rough order of frequency the
suggested methods are :

Special corps for training and reconstructio
No release except into jobs.
Army of occupation, police force.
Priority for men with jobs waiting.
Priority for key men.
Priority on compassionate grounds.
Better conditions for men kept in the service
Women to return to the home.
Reorganisation of industry.

Clearly in a field where the desires even of th
more thoughtful tend so nearly to override the
better judgment, some form of guidance befor
the event is most desirable. An army dent
officer suggests :

> One fact I consider of paramount importan
> (both for the war and the peace) and that is th

ublic should be let into the government's confidence about what is to happen to them after the war.

A gunner, who thinks that men should be rained for their civilian jobs before being eased:

> This would need terrific propaganda to get it willingly accepted, but some excuse must be found o prevent people being released wholesale and aphazardly. I can see a lot of trouble and bitterness being caused over this business.

t is widely felt that the problem of retaining n in the forces once the war is finished will very difficult. Suggested remedies are mainly ncerned with giving the men congenial and structive activities, in education, in reconuction work, in training for new trades or reining in their old. Many feel that concessions l be necessary if slow demobilisation is to take ce without trouble. As a private suggests:

> Obviously this course (gradual demobilisation) s going to be unpopular with the majority of browned-off Servicemen who will only want to et back to their homes (job or no job) as soon as ossible. I suggest that can be alleviated by aving men stationed as much as possible near their omes, and giving maximum amount of leave—ay the week-end off for everybody—and hope by hat means to get the men to regard their continuaion in the army as a sort of temporary job away rom home.

There is relatively little wishful-thinking he Services about the post-war world. Soldiers, lors and airmen are less inclined to overtimism than civilians. But the serving male one great illusion overlaying his general simism and cynicism—the illusion that his ubles will be over when he gets back into vy street. This is his private war-aim, his derlying assumption for post-war peace and urity. He hopes that he will be among the t to get back there, though he can realise that ay be some time before he is released. Given chance, in most cases he would go back mediately the armistice was signed, job or no .

Mass Observation

UNPOPULAR

all living creatures insects, perhaps, have t won their way into the affections of mankind. ere is usually a good reason for the dread with ich we regard animals of other species: the , the gander, the shark and the lion are gerous. The fox may not threaten us sically; but he preys upon the birds by which poultry-keeper makes his living. The rat may e no carnivorous designs against us, but he eats food stores and carries in his skin plagues for destruction of multitudes. A herd of cattle, in, may contain a bull who will stick us; and orse in a field may, though he probably will , savage us. Insects, however, many people ad simply because they are insects. I have rd young human beings screaming for no re reason than that an earwig, the most harm- s of all things created, had appeared in a hing-box. I have listened to calls for help m women who had stood up to baton charges the police, and the only reason for their cries been that they had caught sight of the second t harmless of all living creatures, a spider, on bathroom wall.

ven the insects of whom we think rather well moral grounds are regarded with a certain ount of terror by large numbers of human ngs. As children we used to be invited to sider "how doth the little busy bee improve h shining hour"; but let a bee buzz round head of a tennis player, and he will strike out it with a racquet as at an enemy. I met an erly countryman the other day who said to : "I never liked bees. I had an uncle who d to be able to take the honey from them hout gloves or a veil. He let them crawl over hands, and they would never hurt him, just he was able to pick up rats by the tail and they uld never bite him. But they always go for me. ss my soul, if there was a bee on the far side the common, he would know I was here and come over and attack me. Some people say they find you by the smell, and I certainly do prespire a lot. They say somebody has invented a stingless bee, but how can you tell whether a bee is stingless or not till it has stung you?"

Just as the bee is the most useful of the insects, the butterfly is the most beautiful; but neither usefulness nor beauty seems to save insects from the hostility of the human race. The commonest of all the butterflies, the cabbage white, is treated by allotment-holders as vermin. His kinship with the Red Admiral and the Painted Lady wins him no mercy from the cultivator of vegetables. How charmingly he flutters about the garden, bringing poetry into the dullest patch of "greens"! Yet we treat him as a pest, a raider of our abbreviated food supply, and gardeners destroy him with as little compunction as though he were a mosquito. I may say that I have never killed a cabbage white butterfly; but that may be because I am not particularly fond of cabbage.

This hostility to insects must have begun early in the history of man, since two of the plagues of Egypt are represented as having been plagues of insects. Noah appears to have shown little foresight in admitting two bluebottles and two tsetse flies into the Ark. What a chance he had for natural selection—selection at least natural to a human being! Half the pests of the world might have been liquidated as the waters were about to swell and swirl round Ararat. We are still suffering from Noah's lack of vision. Even in the highly civilised world of to-day man is engaged in a perpetual warfare against these Ark-bequeathed enemies.

Only the other day we were told of mysterious maggots that were causing "widespread disasters" in allotments round London. "Turnips," it was stated, "attacked by the maggot of an unidentified fly, are withering away in the ground." The situation is quite sensational, as appears from the comment of an expert in the Ministry of Agriculture, who says:

> We have had several cases of this reported, but we have not yet been able to identify this maggot. It is some kind of fly, and we are breeding some out to discover the species.
>
> It bears a superficial resemblance to the maggot of the cabbage root fly, but I don't think it is the same pest.
>
> In some ways this has been an unusual year for insect pests. For instance, there is a fly called microchrysa polita, which was found to be attacking Brussels sprouts at Finsbury Park. This fly has never been known to attack sprouts before. But the unusually dry spring caused it to seek a new and juicy food.

From all this it seems that, in the matter of insects, we are progressing backwards. Our gardens have always been the haunts of pestilences, but every year they seem to become the haunts of new pestilences. We have been accustomed from our youth up to the carrot-fly, the turnip-fly, the onion-fly, the apple-saw-fly, the green fly on the roses and the black fly on the broad beans; but, having fought these with soapsuds, nicotine and paraffin with a moderate amount of success, we have in our exhaustion to begin the battle all over again against new and unexpected enemies. Beelzebub, the god of flies, is apparently indomitable. Baffled to fight better, he launches fresh hordes against us just as we thought we had subdued him with Abol.

There is nothing human that he will not attack. A few years ago, for example, there appeared a paragraph in a London newspaper headed:

Beetle That eats Buttons
Causing Slump in Braces in Australia.

"A tiny beetle," we were told, "only one-84th of an inch long, is causing trouble in Sydney, because it eats trouser buttons. So thoroughly does the little pest eat into the buttons that they are rendered useless for the important task that they have to fulfil. This creature does not attack buttons when they are on the cards used to sell them. The insect lays its eggs and then, when the grubs are hatched, they eat into the button, reducing it to a mere shell." A better instance of the devilishness of flies it would be difficult to imagine. As evolution advances, no doubt, we shall hear of the braces-fly and the belt-fly, the shoe-fly and the shirt-fly; and man, proud man, will be forced into nudism.

Would it, I wonder, have been any loss to the world if no insects had ever been created? Birds seem to like them as food, and I would certainly rather put up with midges than be without swallows and martins. But, on the whole, the insect is a destroyer, and even the birds seem to suffer as much from his existence as they gain by it. Horses shake their skins to get rid of him; cows swish their tails. No dog or cat that I ever knew was an insect-lover. As for man, he may envy the industry of the ant; but who, except an entomologist, ever cared for an ant? Nor have any of the insects that invade our houses ever endeared themselves to the heart of man. We have domesticated many living creatures and feel tenderly towards them; but the house-fly, the clothes moth, the spider and the beetle remain outside the scope of our affections. The insect in the bedroom of a foreign hotel does not lull us into a sense of the romance of travel. I remember a room in Florence. I remember a bed in Le Touquet. "C'est peu agréable," said the chambermaid, when she was told of my bed companion. She was certainly right.

Man's procession through life might be described as a long experience of being bitten and avoiding being bitten. Everywhere hostility lies in wait for him. As a child in the country he finds himself blinded by a horse-fly. As a grown man, sitting in bliss on the downs in the chalk country, he gradually realises that he is being eaten alive by harvesters. There are countries in which men have to sleep behind nets in order to outwit the thirst of insects, and countries in which, even though high on the way to the snows on the mountains, one dare not open a bedroom window in a hotel unless it is blocked by a punctured metal screen through which nothing bigger than a germ can enter. Travellers in the tropics are more in fear of insects than of alligators.

Fortunately Nature has so contrived things that no insect exists comparable in size to the larger wild beasts and sea monsters. If there were insects as enormous as elephants or whales, how much more terrifying a place the world would be! According to the men of science, however, it would not be possible for a very large insect to survive. I was reading the other day of the giant dragonflies measuring a yard across the wings that have been discovered among the fossils, and the author of the book I was reading explained that the great dragonflies died out simply because they were too large to breathe. Insects, it seems, have no lungs, but "rely on the diffusion of air through a network of tubes, which open in a series of holes along the sides of their bodies," and "air diffuses easily along such minute tubes" only for a short distance—less than a quarter of an inch. Hence, the monster insects of old found difficulty in breathing, became sluggish and fell an easy prey to their pursuers. Nature, it seems to me, deserves our gratitude for not having provided insects with lungs.

Let us not, however, exaggerate our antipathy to insects. Is there one of us who if, by pressing a button, he could destroy insect life from the face of the earth, would press the button? I, for one, like Noah, would want to preserve at least two specimens of the house-fly with its exquisite wing patterns. I should be sorry to miss not only the cinnabar moth in his coat of vermilion and grey, but the friendly wasp of summer picnics. Though there are said to be about thirteen thousand known species of butterfly in the world and about two thousand species of moth in the British Isles alone, I should like to see more, not fewer, butterflies and moths—more and not fewer bees and stag beetles and ruby-tailed flies. A garden would be a less lovesome thing, God wot, without the coming and going of insects among the flowers. A man who knew something about insects, indeed, might put up quite a good defence of them.

Y. Y.

MUSIC: TWO NEW WORKS

There is a certain kind of art of which a first impression is almost bound to prove faulty. Where the texture is complex yet fine, the form at all obscure, the sequence of thought special, the emotion shy and unemphatic, the critic can only point to those features which seem likely, on further investigation, to organise a final judgment. I felt acutely conscious of this disadvantage while listening to the first performance of Lennox Berkeley's *Symphony* at the Promenade Concert on July 8th. Certain qualities of this composer were already known to me: a genuine individuality of *sound*, a distinguished evasiveness in the melodic line, and a harmony which always arises logically from the condition of the thematic material at any given moment. It was most agreeable, though not surprising, to find all these qualities assembled in a spirit of genuine classicism in the Symphony (written in 1941 and since carefully revised); but it seems likely that the traits which held the audience in continuous delighted attention were the elegance and lightness of the instrumental writing and the melodic originality of the material—virtues for which English music in the last hundred years has not been conspicuous. This charm and this beauty of texture went far to compensate for the main fault of the symphony, which is a failure to co-ordinate the phases of each movement into a formally satisfactory whole. The composer suffers from a tendency to follow a figure or a phrase as far as it will carry him, instead of deciding in advance what proportion it should bear to the section in which it occurs. This leads to disappointment when, for instance, a foreseen climax arrives too late—or to an uncomfortable feeling of triviality when a sequence is needlessly prolonged. Comparisons are supposed to be odious, but in a mere review they may be of use. Each movement of this symphony is like one of those contemporary poems in which a valid idea is expressed by a system of new and beautiful images, but where the general effect is marred by an insufficiently studied versification. Mr. Berkeley's musical education was largely French, and so—luckily—is his taste; but while listening to this music it was not Poulenc, or Milhaud, or Stravinsky, of whom I thought, but Roussel and (much less immediately) Mahler. I have mentioned the remarkable individuality of Mr. Berkeley's music, which implies that any influences have been successfully digested; the resemblances, therefore, are firmly embedded in a personal idiom. Of the four movements the second (Allegretto) was the most immediately attractive; but the Lento had moments of genuine rapture, and I suspect that the final Allegro could sound more effective than it did on this occasion. It was no slight tribute to the Symphony that the orchestra, modestly conducted by the composer himself, should have given a performance the excellence of which was evidently inspired by enjoyment of the music.

Likewise composed in 1941, Benjamin Britten's *Scottish Ballad* for two pianos and orchestra, which was given at the Promenade Concert of July 10th with the composer and Mr. Clifford Curzon as soloists, is a work of an entirely different character. Essentially a *bravura* piece. It explores very thoroughly the percussive qualities of the piano and makes some fascinating use of exotic sonorities. The work is divided into three sections: a broad chorale, leading through a cadenza to an extended funeral march, which again merges into a reel. Beauties of thought are out of place in a piece of this kind, which is intended to entertain and excite by different varieties of brilliance. To compose effectively in this style entails much cleverness, and I know of no other English composer at present capable of anything approaching this Ballad in technical virtuosity. Unfortunately the Albert Hall was particularly unkind to it, making a thick fog of all the passage-work, blunting the impact, blurring the glitter, and spoiling the effect of the reel. The sumptuous, Lisztian periods of the funeral march were deprived of their colour, and in all too many places the pianists looked like a demolition squad working against time in the centre of a blitz. The Ballad is worth recording with some care, for we shall presumably not get a satisfactory concert performance in London until a new hall is built, and this piece might achieve great popularity among the composer's less important works.

Edward Sackville West

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FAME AND PROMISE

So eager are young painters to have their work shown in the Leicester Galleries' summer exhibition that the directors have decided, very properly, in order that as few of them as possible shall be disappointed, to give a first and second service. Here is the first: the second will be ready in three weeks' time.

It is with the artists of promise that amateurs and critics are most concerned: indeed, the famous are represented chiefly to raise the emulous spirit of the promising, and, frankly, they might have been represented better. Duncan Grant's sunflowers, which preside with grave dignity over the big room, are admirable and admirably suited to their present purpose of instructing by ensample; but one cannot say as much for Mathew Smith's figure which holds the place of honour in the other room. This is not one of that master's happiest achievements, and his smaller piece, though attractive, is unimportant. Ivon Hitchens comes out well, and shows, what the best judges always knew, that he was a fine artist from the first. But neither Augustus John nor Pasmore has anything to say, in this exhibition, by which the rising generation is likely to profit; and though an early Nicholson is generally preferable to a late I cannot think that this very early work gives a title to fame or ever gave much promise. It is good to be shown two well-painted portraits by Ribot, an artist little known in this country and insufficiently known in France. Since visitors are apt to hurry through the electric-lit front gallery, perhaps I may advise them to look out for two drawings by Sickert and two extremely pretty things by Gwen John.

Of the promising artists I find Spear and Buhler the most interesting. Buhler is still experimenting in colour, and this gives his pictures an acrimony, a stridency if you will, which is not to everyone's liking. But only a superficial critic will fail to detect, beneath what some may consider an unpleasant surface, the root of the matter, sound and crescent. Those who happen to know Buhler's age and the conditions in which he works alone are qualified to judge whether the time is now come for him to attempt something more ambitious. I assume that he is young, and I make the same assumption in the case of Ruskin Spear, who, however, will certainly not fail for lack of courage. Once again he has attacked the human form in an unacademic pose, and has set about it as one likes to see a young painter setting about his subject, that is to say with gusto—not to say guts. Unlike most young painters, he has not, concentrating all his attention on the figure, left the surroundings to look after themselves; but has taken pleasure in the walls and the mantelpiece and the sofa and the shadows in the corners of the room, and has expressed all he could of his manifest enjoyment. Both this and his small landscape are highly promising pictures and, what is more, satisfying.

I have space only to name a few of the painters on whom the judicious amateur will keep an eye. Mary Kessell is not seen at her best: elsewhere she has shown that she possesses a genuine feeling for form and colour and can, like the Primitives by whom she is surely influenced, make her figures tell their story. Rupert Shepherd is still sketching—probably his duties prevent him doing anything more decisive: he sketches like an artist. Leila Faithful is another who does not choose to let herself go; but the little she gives is charming always. The subtle art of Uhlman, reminiscent of Paul Klee, by whom there is a good drawing in the front room, is, I surmise, a little too subtle for most gallery-goers. They will appreciate it in time. Le Dell and Elinor Bellingham-Smith are welcome newcomers. Doris Travers and Marie Paneth are two whose names were to me unknown and of whose work I would gladly see more.

Clive Bell

THE MOVIES

"Tarakanova," at Studio One

Continental Films at Carlton, Tottenh
Court Road

Historical romance is a *genre* I don't at all care especially in celluloid, but I felt the spell of *Mayerli* and *Tarakanova*, with silks and cannon, pleases teases the fancy. The great staircases and waterways Venice, masked balls and heroic politics, men o' prison bars, and two lovers sacrificed to an Empre pride: so long as it's pretty and exciting, we are co tent. Lover's kisses, of the sort we are treated to every film—like a meringue, very often, betwe mouthfuls of steak—go better in gay uniforms exuberant flounces. Then, character is reduced a few simple gestures—"I could not love thee, de so much, Lov'd I not honour more"—and provid those gestures are right, and the background agre we can abandon ourselves to the elegant mood. T acting in *Tarakanova* by Suzy Primm, Pierre Wi and Annie Verney had this lyrical appeal, and had the direction and photography, very differe from the Hall of the Arts atmosphere that has ke me away from so many historical films. The voi more than what they say, enchant; the gestu superbly carried through, is enough. Whateve history there may or may not be in *Tarakanova*, its portrayal of Catherine the Great and her lov Orlov, this romantic piece of plotting sails und its own charm.

Those who feel the lack of French films to-day who live in London, may like to know about th Carlton Cinema, Tottenham Court Road. This cinema, on the eastern frontier of Fitzrovia, reviv continental films but doesn't, so far as I know, adve tise itself in the amusement columns. This we and for the next fortnight it is showing *Crime Châtiment*, with its splendid performances by Har Bauer and Peter Lorre.

William Whitebait

FLOREAT

[*We went to the Public Schools . . . We found utter absence of snobbery . . . I ask the door to be least ajar for the boy who has passed the entra examination to the local grammar school . . .*— Extract from letter by George Muff, M.P., to th *Times*.]

Did you see a real sixth former,
  Mr. Muff?
Did you spend a night in dormer?
  Did you, Muff?
Was there progger for your choosing
  In the tucker at the break?
Were the wet bobs quite amusing?
  Chapel service not a fake?
Did you see a small fag roasted
  When the cakes weren't up to snuff?
Herrings grilled you had or toasted?
  Tell us, Muff.

Were the lessons free from bias?
  Were they, Muff?
No class consciousness to try us?
  Muff, oh, Muff!
When you heard in silent wonder
  Phrases of Latinity,
Did you seize the chance to thunder
  Doctrines of equality?
Did you play a sticky wicket,
  Say free places weren't enough,
Or, perhaps, that wasn't cricket—
  Hardly, Muff.

I confess the fault is mine,
  Pilgrim Muff,
Not to share your faith sublime,
  Sorry, Muff.
When the schools are really public,
  I'll admire your Wykehamist,
Send my son to Eton (freely),
  Might become a Socialist.
But while you praise aristocratic
  Fanes where money buys the stuff,
And call your party democratic—
  Chuck it, Muff.

Stephen Lawrence

Correspondence

CONFERENCE AFTERMATH

SIR,—One is encouraged to address a further letter to you on the issue of "Vansittartism" by the response which my first letter has evoked. There can be no doubt from my correspondence that the issue is charged with profound interest, deep feelings, and, as far as I can judge, wide divisions, inside the Labour Movement. There can be no doubt that the movement realises that "the crucial problem of the destiny of humanity is involved in it," and that it far transcends in importance any lapse of good taste in which I, or even Mr. George Dallas, may delight to indulge. If we say with Lord Vansittart that "the German Nation has developed into a nation of fierce, organised savage aggressors bent on the total destruction of this country," and if we accept his assumption that "the many" are responsible for "the few," then, of course, we shall, with Mr. James Walker, M.P., "smile when some people say that it is a bad thing to talk about exterminating the Germans." We shall inflict upon the German workers what hate inspires, and our power commands. Were it physically possible we would exterminate them and feel we had rid the world of a vicious pest. Since that is impossible, Socialists will join in imposing the dictates of a triumphant Imperialism upon the German people!

But if we approach the "German problem" as Socialists then I suggest that we shall always remember that Internationalism is of the very essence of Socialism. In the flames of Vansittartism not only will the German people perish—but Socialism too! Involved in this issue is not only the fate of the German people but also the spirit and policies of International Socialism. The spirit of hatred and revenge deflects the mind of the movement from the real problems that confront us. Mr. Dallas, in the part of his letter that matters, tells us that "If the party has to choose between the two groups, Mr. Cove and his friends will get the biggest shock of their lives." If this be true, then we have, indeed, come to a tragic pass! For what would it mean? It would mean the break-up of any International Movement beyond hope of repair. It would mean that we should become the complete dupes of Imperialist designs. We should hold Germany down by force. But what Germany? Is Mr. Dallas prepared to hold down a revolutionary Germany? It is clear that his friends are prepared to do so because they do not believe in Germans: everything they do must be regarded as the actions of a cunning, untrustworthy, wicked people. There is only one policy for Germans (because they are Germans) even if they revolt, and that is to hold them down. I happen to agree with Julius Braunthal, that if we desire a pacifist Germany we must want a Socialist Germany. The race haters would stifle, in their hate, even that Socialist Germany which alone can guarantee peace.

I would remind Mr. Dallas that the "Fight for Freedom" Group asks the Labour Movement to embrace with passion and apply with vigour the doctrines and methods of power politics. Under their banner, violent Nationalisms will flourish, and International Co-operation wither and die! Collective security will become a byword and a sneer, economic war a perpetual irritant, and Fascism will reign triumphant in the countries of the victors and the vanquished. There is only one way of dealing with the German problem: that way is to remove the causes which give rise to it. Those causes are not found in the poisonous German people but in the economic power of "monopoly capitalism." The German problem demands for its solution a social revolution in Germany. I would rather trust in the German workers for the good neighbourliness of Germany in the future than in Allied bayonets. Our appeal must be to the German workers.

"The threat to democracy does not lie in Hitler or the German people: it lies in the foundations of the Capitalist organisation of society that is inherently unable to provide security." W. G. COVE
(M.P., Aberavon.)

SIR,—Mrs. Bamford has the easy way of solving problems by evading them. The quarrel between Mr. Cove and Mr. Walker is that the former seeks refuge in anti-Vansittart clichés to hide his ignorance of Germany, and the latter happens to know something about Germany, especially Trade Unionist and "Socialist" Germany.

Mrs. Bamford has, as her main concern, a policy acceptable to the Labour Movement which will lead "to the creation of a democratic government for the German people." But we had such a "democratic government" in 1919, with the results which followed. No one did more to promote the continuity and the revival of German militarism than the Trade Union Movement and the Social Democratic Party, which were the backbone of that democratic government.

I am at a loss to understand why British Socialists should embark on the quixotic task of "creating a democratic Germany." Isn't that a job for Germans? Where the British Labour Movement could do a spot of useful work would be in building up a United Nations' Socialist Movement which would be of real influence in eliminating aggressive wars. Here is a great field of action and a basis for it in existing common purpose.

If, in time to come, the Germans should create some *new* Socialist Movement which shares the purpose of the United Nations' Socialist Movement, co-operation would always be possible. It is a fool's paradise to suppose that British Socialists can take on a German job. What we can hope to do is to create the perfect negative situation for this present Germany, namely, bring its military ambitions to irretrievable disaster and unconditional surrender. The National Socialists, the Social Democrats, the Trade Unionists and the Communists of Germany will then have another chance to see what they, as Germans, can do with Germany. To make that negative situation as perfect as possible is the pre-requisite—as Germans would say—of something "new" in the way of Socialism emerging in Germany. Two German world wars for domination, effectively answered, with the mild support of biology, *may* give us foundations for a "sport," a "break," a "new beginning."

To this end let Mrs. Bamford continue her practical policy of cleaning up the Fabian Society. It is a small but useful service she can render to both German Democracy and German Socialism. RENNIE SMITH

"VENGEANCE IS MINE, SAITH . . ."

SIR,—You have a pathetic belief in the Good German. What they did after 1918 has no significance for you. The Weimar Government collaborated with the military to rebuild the army. Democracy has had its last chance in Germany, and in spite of what they are, Wardlaw Milne's group show common sense, except that they don't go far enough. We must expel every German from the Ruhr, Rhine, Silesia, Sarre and Lorraine.

If that means starvation it is only what they have inflicted on millions.

No individual can escape the consequences of the criminality of the Government. A. PRIEST

[Lord Vansittart's comments on this example of the sort of thing he did not intend to encourage would be interesting.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

WALTER LOEB

SIR,—Referring to your column London Diary in to-day's issue, I beg to inform you that what you have been told, i.e., that I applied to the Vice-Chairman of the "Never Again" Association, Mrs. Tennant, with the object of forming an alliance . . . is a pure lie. No such approach has ever been made.

In the meeting of the "Never Again" Association you refer to the Vice-Chairman, Mrs. Eleonora Tennant, denounced me as a master spy for Germany (Nazi Germany). You denounce me as a refugee-

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JONATHAN CAPE

baiter. There is a German proverb "Gleich und Gleich gesellt sich gern" (Birds of a feather flock together). WALTER LOEB

"Fight for Freedom,"
39 Berkeley Court, Baker Street,
N.W.1

[We understand from reports of last week's meeting of the "Never Again" Association that in the personal attack to which Mr. Loeb refers, Mrs. Tennant repeated the statement that representations had been made from Mr. Walter Loeb to the "Never Again," suggesting a form of alliance of which the "Never Again" should be the Right, and "Fight for Freedom" the Left wing. The "Never Again" meeting seems to have ended in some confusion after Mrs. Tennant had been asked whether she had on one occasion asked Mr. Loeb to meet Lord Vansittart without knowing that they had already met. —ED., *N.S. & N.*]

LOW AMONG THE BLIMPS

SIR,—Professor Brogan's picture of me with a long Blimp moustache cheerily fiddling while Rome blows up is inaccurate. The cartoon that offended him was entitled "COMPARATIVE VALUES," and juxtaposed the idea of the destruction of human freedom and that of the destruction of Rome, and it implied that of the two Rome would be the lighter loss. (To short-circuit argument let me say, first, that I know "freedom" is relative, but I prefer the prospect from on top of Hitler and Mussolini to that from underneath them; and, second, that though to Professor Brogan the dilemma Rome *v.* Liberty seems artificial, I can imagine a situation unfolding within the next few weeks in which we, as the guardians of that better prospect, may have to assault Rome against time with everything we have.) The cartoon was not "funny." It did not advocate bombing Rome. It merely threw a brick at those who recklessly advocate NOT bombing Rome, which is not the same thing.

To deduce from this that I rejoice in the destruction of the Eternal City is a bit thick. I admire your editorial complacency when you say, in effect, that we have the war so much in the bag that we need no longer think in terms of dire military necessity; and I hope it may be true. I gather it is agreed that if it be necessary to the defeat of the Axis that Rome be bombed, we should bomb it. I assume it is agreed that talk about "priceless" art treasures is humbug, that they have their price and it may be too high. The objection is, apparently, that I am not gloomy enough about it all. The explanation is this: cartoon content is very subjective, no less in reception than in execution. Faced with the subject matter of this one Professor Brogan thinks first of ruined Rome; I think first of liberated humanity. He feels sadness mitigated by gladness. I feel gladness mitigated by sadness. A matter of priority. If there is any Blimpism about it is in the revelation that within Professor Brogan's heart of hearts he is not sure whether the future is as important as the past. DAVID LOW.

FOOD RELIEF FOR EUROPE

SIR,—Mr. Foot's statement last week on the policy of the Government about allowing special food for children and mothers to go to certain occupied countries of Europe is disappointing. The policy, in short, is that the Government will not take any risks of humanity, or allow any relaxation of the blockade to pass special supplies for limited classes of the population in certain countries, because the enemy might gain some advantage by squeezing more out of the countries. The case which was put forward by members of all parties was for consideration of small controlled supplies. Mr. Foot attempted to justify the refusal by putting up a different case, and arguing that it could not be considered. It was asked to allow dried milk and other special foods to go to Greece and Belgium. He argued that there were ten million children in Europe outside rural areas, and we could not get into the position of assuming responsibility for these ten million. It was proposed that the supplies should be distributed by neutral agencies. He argued that the enemy's troops lived on the country, and might reduce the rations for the rest of the population. Yet, in face of the terrible mortality last year we have allowed much larger consignments to be sent to Greece. Should we refuse to that country and to Belgium the means of saving the children from death or crippling diseases which are known to be spreading? Mr. Foot said that the responsibility for feeding the populations in the occupied countries was on the enemy. Nobody denies it. But the particular ground for allowing some food relief to the children in Greece and Belgium is that those countries before the war had to import a large part of their food; and it is our blockade which cuts off that import. The negative attitude of the Government is parallel with its attitude to the rescue of the Jews from the Nazi mass murder. It justifies itself for not trying to save the remnant because it cannot help the mass.

Hollycot, N.W.3. NORMAN BENTWICH

INTERNATIONAL YOUTH

SIR,—As Honorary Secretary of the International Friendship League which has existed for 12 years with the object of promoting friendship and understanding between the young peoples of all countries, I welcome the advent of the new Youth Centre organised by the International Youth Council, which should be given every possible support to enable its objects to be carried out as widely as possible. May I, however, at the same time, draw attention to the International Friendship League since it was founded as a National Organisation in this country in 1931?

Without seeking patronage, and drawing its membership from working people who willingly devoted their spare time to the work, the League, by 1939, had established National Sections in Belgium, Finland, France, Great Britain, Holland, Norway, Czechoslovakia, Sweden and Switzerland, as well as having contacts in Germany, Hungary and Italy. In the same year, through the voluntary efforts of its members, the League was able to arrange 52 International Friendship Centres spread throughout 12 countries, at which 4,274 young people representing many different nations, spent a new kind of holiday together.

Since the outbreak of war, the League has carried on this work amongst those of other countries whom circumstances brought here.

GERALD E. CUTCLIFFE

The International Friendship League,
18 Pelham Street, S.W.7.

[We have also received a letter from the Secretary, Federal Union Youth Committee, calling attention to its similar objects and especially to the International Open Forum at 15 Baker Street, W.1.]

FUTURE OF LABOUR PARTY

SIR,—Mr. Laski says, "The task before the Labour Party is to make itself the spinal column of the immense, if unorganised, progressive forces of the country." That sentence deserves to be repeated, studied, and discussed in every Local Labour Party in Britain. If it is understood and acted upon there will be hope for evolutionary progress. If we fail to perform the task of leadership it proposes, then the rate of economic and social change will lag still farther behind the developing needs of the modern world. We shall be overtaken in peace by the evil things we now fight to destroy in war. We shall face a future of internal conflict within nations broadening out again into a third world convulsion; the death throes of an obsolete system. ALLAN YOUNG

38 Willow Road, N.W.3.

DUKE OF GRAFTON

SIR,—I am engaged upon a biography of the third Duke of Grafton, Prime Minister of England. Any letters or information will be gratefully received, and originals and copies returned with care and promptitude.

436 White House, HERBERT VAN THAL
Albany Street, N.W.1.

The Hogarth Press have new impressions ready of:

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D. W. BROGAN
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Essays by
G. D. H. Cole, Aneurin Bevan, M.P., Jim Griffiths, M.P. L. F. Easterbrook, Sir William Beveridge and Harold Laski.
6s. net

The Rt. Hon. ARTHUR GREENWOOD, M.P., says:—
"Behind the plan lies a passionate desire for freedom. Their hopes are the same, and I share them, that the century of the common man has dawned."

ROUTLEDGE

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Here are four books about the Libyan campaign by people in the swim. Through these writers we can read about new desert warfare and enjoy vicariously one of war's few pleasant sensations: the lively simmering of busyness, influence, importance, personality, intrigue and drinks which goes on wherever there is a capital or a G.H.Q. This is the aspect Ardizzone, the draughtsman, has so festively satirised in this war and which Tolstoy gave us with that wonderful gleaming finality of his in *War and Peace*. The great hour of the Special Correspondents has struck. Before we get down to their books we cannot help pausing to consider one or two of their professional peculiarities. They are, for example, no longer rivals. They cannot hope for scoops under the organised conditions of modern propaganda. Their differences must depend on personal quality and the ability to write. They have in consequence developed an *esprit de corps* in the last decade and a sometimes farcical family sense. They have turned themselves into news. We have only to look back on the books by Special Correspondents written in the last few years—some of them very good reporting indeed—to recall that we were asked to take their private habits, their love affairs, their wives, children, divorces and drinks as an important part of the hectic world of dictatorship and war. We were asked to admire that wonderful moment when one Special Correspondent meets another Special Correspondent; we were asked to grant their even more wonderful assumption of moral guardianship of Europe, Asia or the campaign, and to acquiesce in the profession's feeling—which they seemed to have taken over from the clergy—that no event can happen unless they are officiating. Even Mr. Moorehead,* a reporter of the highest class and who rides the histrionic war horse with a perfect seat, can complain, when he discovers the authorities are actually planning to invade Persia before getting the correspondents into advanced positions first.

As a typical figure the Special Correspondent has replaced the Tennysons and Dickenses of the nineteenth century. No contemporary novelist, for example, has a comparable prestige. The Correspondent goes about the world playing Hamlet or Byron because we wish it. But why have we come to want journalism to be so personal? I suppose we want to be in the swim; yet I think there is more in it than that. We have become more "public"—once a word of genteel abuse—and as our private lives become tinctured by war and politics, as the air battles take place over the strawberry tea on the lawn, we cease to smile when the Special Correspondent interrupts the battle with a few words about his wife bathing or his children feeling the heat, or some note on how tired he felt in the evenings. Trivial, a mannerism? Yes, but the writing of those things is a symptom of the way we are firmly asserting the value of personal life in a period where not only batteries of guns go into action, but formations of factories, phalanxes of camera men and writers, squads of scientists and doctors, secretaries and committees in massed choir.

I must disentangle Mr. Cecil Beaton's book, *Near East*,† from these generalisations because he so modestly and tactfully avoids the temptation to report the famous campaign. Like the others, his Libyan story comes to an end with the halting of the Germans at Alamein; but he had gone as a traveller to the war, not looking for the huge heaving, blobby outline of history, but for the details of its texture. As a writer, he went to collect those deposits of private life, the *objets trouvés* of living at war, for the things an imagination may like to use. Mr. Moorehead hunted the big game out as it dashed and threshed and circled in its brown dust cloud; Mr. Beaton stopped to pick up things in its track. He saw the operation in the hospital, the litter of retreat, the routine of the aerodrome, noted the talk at the mess, the words at the interrogation. He noted the Polish method with German prisoners, table manners and moods in the desert. He saw that polished wreckage of a surrealist world. The amount of original seeing in this book is enormous and the writing is light and discrete and above all, sincere. His book is the notebook of an artist, by which I mean that each episode or anecdote or portrait has a "touch," a design, and is not flung at you with a general dramatic gesture, which is the habit of descriptive journalism. Mr. Beaton met many of the charming great and has his opinions on things like the cleanliness and apathy of the desert and the suburban corruption of Cairo. He has thought about military training and public morale—it is a bad one in the eye for the B.B.C. that a British Army in the pre-Alamein period, preferred the German light music, and whistled Lili Marleen in the desert instead of Mademoiselle of Armentières—and Mr. Beaton makes his comments smoothly, in a private voice, in the course of the narrative without the slightest self-importance. But one comes back to Mr. Beaton's eye. He notices the American staff on the West African landing grounds: "welcoming, well pressed . . . each with clear, small-pored skin, deep voice, an expressive way of using the English language and the polished manners of the ushers of the Roxy Cinema." Small-pored! Then Africa is fixed green and still, under the travelling plane:

> West Africa passed below us, but we were so high that the earth moved slowly as we traversed the moss forests and the palm trees, sprouting like undersea plants; nothing moved except the shadows of the trees. As we flew over them these shadows, sharp and dark, obediently passed from left to right.

He discovered what the fashionable negresses said in the telegrams they love to send from the Takoradi Post Office: "I done understand meaning ob your last letter, yes, please write again," or "Yes, loan impossible—regret account closed." The brief stories in this book are brilliant beginnings. There is the pathetic sketch of the negro deserter. There is the tragic story of the father who had come out to hear the exact manner of his son's death in an air battle, to be faced by the unrelaxing convention that "these things are not mentioned by us." There is the tale of the breakdown of the blustering German prisoner when he was led into a large room where three Polish officers, with their hats placed on their table before them, simply stared in silence at him. The German guilt about the Poles is one that responds to psychological exploitation. One cannot but compare Mr. Beaton's talent for collecting the right fragments and letting them achieve their own effect together, with the lovely photographs. His eye for texture and pattern gives something intimate and fresh to all his notes and there is little in this book that is banal.

We turn to Mr. Alan Moorehead for a full and virile grasp of the Libyan campaigns, for the descriptions of tank battles and an account of the disconsolate changes of fight until Alamein. There is an interlude with Cripps in India. Like Mr. Beaton and other observers in Cairo, he had noticed how different from the dour spirit of people in England was the mind of the English in the Middle East. Mr. Moorehead is especially good at getting such differences of atmosphere. His analysis is valuable and his general military judgments and criticisms are considered. But he stands out as a personal, descriptive writer who is at ease in describing his own life and in all the moods of battle. Here, especially in the descriptions of the eve of battle, or of soldiers waiting to go into action, their backs to the noise, but their eyes trying to look back at every explosion, Mr. Moorehead owes something to his reading of Tolstoy. The correspondent has learned from the novelist how to pause and vary the key. He can place a battle comprehensibly on the page so that one partakes of its confusion while surveying, unperturbed, its general scheme. Especially is he good at those hurried retreats which both sides had so often to make in the desert. Here is the rout of Sidi Rezegh:

> While the tanks were still locked in this bloodiest of all battles in the desert, Rommel had decided upon a gamble that had the elements of genius and the wildest possible folly. He had detached a part of his tanks and armoured cars and flung them straight across the desert through the British lines of communication. A tank among unarmed lorries is like a shark among mackerel. In a spectacular night attack, the German panzers had almost entirely overwhelmed the 5th South African Brigade and then had plunged straight into Egypt and rejoined their infantry forces left on the frontier. British soft transports had scattered before them and confusion more deadly than shellfire, spread everywhere. And now lost groups of men roamed about, passing and repassing through the enemy lines. Convoys of vehicles were scattered over a hundred miles of desert, not knowing where to go. Batteries of guns and groups of tanks were left stranded in the empty desert. Men who believed they were holding the end of a continuous salient suddenly found the enemy behind them. And north of them and south of them and all round them. Then the enemy in turn would seek to carry off his booty and prisoners, only to find that his own base had vanished and that he was in the midst of a strong British formation. Prisoners became gaolers. Men were captured and escaped three or four times. Half a dozen isolated engagements were going on. Field dressing stations and hospitals were taking in British and German and Italian wounded impartially, and as the battle flowed back and forth the hospitals would sometimes be under British command, sometimes under German. Both sides were using each other's captured guns, tanks and vehicles and absurd incidents were taking place. A British truck driven by a German and full of British prisoners ran up to an Italian lorry. Out jumped a platoon of New Zealanders and rescued our men. Vehicles full of Germans were joining British convoys by mistake—and escaping before they were noticed. Generals themselves were taking prisoners, and corporals and brigadiers were manning guns together. On the map the dispositions of the enemy and ourselves looked like an eight-decker rainbow cake, and as more and more confused information came in intelligence officers threw down their pencils in disgust, unable to plot the battle any further.

Brilliance of reporting is an affair of temperament. The mind and the legs must not stand still. They must be restless, the mind inexhaustibly curious. It must guzzle all the evidence like cherries and spit the stones out fast. Yet liveliness and idiosyncracy alone may be wasteful; there has to be an intellectual grasp and a real concern. Mr. Moorehead has these gifts. He can put down what the Guards did at Knightsbridge or how the tanks met the mines and what the soldiers said afterwards, with the authority of one who distinguishes the variety of military actions and does not forget the luck. I shall regret that he tired of the desert before Montgomery's victory began; and though I smiled when, with professional breathlessness, he worked family life into the general picture, I have to confess that his Cairo, in its own way, was as good as his desert. His occasional judgments seem sound to me. There is no General-baiting. A general, as he says, is as good as his army and no better. For us, in Libya, as elsewhere, the problem was not to pray for genius, but immensely to raise the general standard so that genius, if it appeared, was effectual. Genius is the top stone which depends on the existence and soundness of the pyramid below. I have said nothing of the remaining books.* They are not brilliant, but Mr. Russell Hill, who covers much the same ground as Mr. Moorehead, is thorough and readable. He goes in for facts rather than atmosphere. And Mr. Denny has the interest of writing as an ex-prisoner of war in Italy and Germany. He is good about the moment of capture.

V. S. Pritchett

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* *A Year of Battle*. By Alan Moorehead. *Hamish Hamilton*. 10s. 6d.

† *Near East*. By Cecil Beaton. *Batsford*. 12s. 6d.

* *Desert War*. By Russell Hill. *Jarrolds*. 12s. 6d. *Behind Both Lines*. By Harold Denny. *Joseph*. 8s. 6d.

VALUES AND SOCIETY

The Structure of Morale. By J. T. MacCurdy. *Cambridge University Press.* 8s. 6d.

For centuries, perhaps, there has hardly been an age which is less certain of its value patterns than our own. Since Aristotle wrote his *Nicomachean Ethics*, Thomas Aquinas his *Summae*, or Thomas Hobbes his *Leviathan*, our faculty for inquiring into the moral principles which guide human behaviour has gradually weakened until it has almost disappeared. It is true that thinkers like Reinhold Niebuhr or Christopher Dawson—the latter is still not adequately appreciated in this country—have done much to reinterpret the heritage of European moral philosophy. But their works, though perhaps under the impact of the second world-war a slight change may be discernible, are still scarcely read by our all too self-confident planners, not to mention our politicians, who are too busy to read thoughtful and challenging books.

It is therefore invaluable that a scientist has now shown us the way to develop a new social psychology which is able to interpret the moral structures of our contemporary society. Indeed Dr. J. T. MacCurdy's book *The Structure of Morale* proves that its author is fully aware of the fatal consequences of our fundamental lack of values—in knowledge of which previous ages were so certain. Thus we read the significant sentence: "At the moment we are beginning to emerge painfully from an age of materialistic philosophy that has been invaluable as the inspiration for applied science, but has led to a neglect of other values, a neglect that is, perhaps, the ultimate cause of the present war." This sentence is written by a scientist and not by an Archbishop whom his ignorant critics blame for inopportunely meddling with politics.

Dr. MacCurdy begins his psychological treatise with a discussion of fear by artificially isolating the individual from his social and traditional relationships. These are introduced in the second part of the book, which is concluded by a discussion of national scales of values. In this part of his book the author interprets Japanese, Chinese, Russian, German, Italian, and British morale, fully realising that "the factors of morale are intangible because they are psychological, and nothing psychological is truly measurable." In spite of this methodological scepticism Dr. MacCurdy succeeds in presenting the reader with an impressive picture of the variation of national morale patterns which he condenses in admirable formulas. On Japan he writes: "The extinction of Japan would seem inevitable, for its ethos allows only of the alternatives of world dominion or suicide." On China:—

> If "China" is unified by an ethical system as other lands are by religious, economic, political or military ideals, then we must note that the system is not labelled "Chinese." The ethics of Confucius were for all mankind, not just for the denizens of Eastern Asia. This would supply the element of universality which is so important in an ideal on which morale may be based. . . . But mere similarity in custom and outlook does not of itself produce loyalty, the latter has to be focused on and organised round something which can symbolise unity, that is, something which can be consciously apprehended and consciously served.

Chinese nationalism was made possible by Japanese aggression. On Russian morale Dr. MacCurdy is equally brilliant. "Like China and Japan, and because of their being largely Asiatic, the Russians have always been isolationists." He shows convincingly how Revolution and national traditions have been welded together.

What the author writes of German morale is, perhaps, less convincing. Here it seems that the concrete material on which the psychological abstractions are based are not sufficiently related to German class structures. On the other hand, his interpretation of British social stratifications and their respective ethical valuations, interwoven with the third part of the studies which are devoted to an analysis of "some problems in organisation," is a descriptive masterpiece by a study of which, historians, economists and sociologists, not to mention the ordinary reader, would highly profit.

This third part of Dr. MacCurdy's book is also surprisingly wide in experience and vision. He sees the facts of modern large-scale organisation with its dangers of departmentalism and careerism. Our planners should ponder these chapters, if not the whole book, very carefully. He discusses the important problem of the inevitability of a ruling class in a modern mass state. In this context he writes:—

> If democracy means the social equality of all who live in the community, then either rulers and ruled will feel themselves socially on the same level—which is something not yet observed in human societies—or else there will be no rule at all. Democracy in this latter sense is . . . really anarchy. But people are prone to forget these facts and to give the word "democracy" the meaning of social equality. Democracy must really refer to representative government or the word loses all utility. . . .

The relationship between democracy in this sense and leadership is put in these terms: "Consistency in expression of the country's ethos is . . . dependent on there being a ruling class." (The author is here speaking of England). "Its existence may imperil true democracy, but its elasticity will guarantee it. The problem then is (or should be) not, should we have a ruling class, but how can we recruit new blood into it and exclude that which has deteriorated?" I am not certain whether Dr. MacCurdy thinks he has answered his question, but who can? Surely this is an admirable book, one of the most remarkable of recent years.

Perhaps one or two general queries ought to be raised. I doubt whether Dr. MacCurdy's assumed parallelism between the decay of religion and the rise of nationalism (cf. p. 120 seq.) does full justice, even psychologically, to the religious phenomenon. It may perhaps also be asked whether a full descriptive analysis of human values and valuations is possible without the admission of an absolute value scale. Dr. MacCurdy, with the enigmatic smile of the great seventeenth century psychologists, seems to justify this query when he writes: "No merely human judge could estimate with nicety what the perfect scale (of values) should be, which means that we all have more or less false scales." But if this should be so, whence comes our knowledge that our scales are "more or less false"?

J. P. Mayer

LES MAUVAISES HERBES

Escape in Vain. By Georges Simenon. Trans. by Stuart Gilbert. *Routledge.* 8s. 6d.

Two novels as usual, very well translated by Mr. Gilbert and each complete in itself, for the price of one. *Le Locataire* and *Les Suicidés*. 1934 vintage, for those who know their Simenon.

English readers are beginning to get the true measure of this novelist. With Maigret left behind, there is no longer even the pretence of detection, and he can devote himself unembarassed to his true object—the crime story and the unravelling of neurotic lives. Crime obsesses him, as it did Dostoevsky, but guilt—the great theme of *The Brothers Karamazov* and *Crime and Punishment*—is only one of the many dramas that crowd his pages. Distorted sex, persecution, the violence of despair, the underdog's grief, the widening grudge or crack in respectability, explosions of hysteria and malice, and the crime secretly loaded in the mind and shot like a torpedo: these are a few of the impulses, submerged in normal lives, which take possession of the criminal. He must cheat, steal, kill, destroy, and ravish, in obedience to the nerves and to provoke vengeance. He must triumph and be cut down. This necessity works itself out in dramas which differ from classical tragedy only in the absence of any grandeur, moral or worldly. They are, if you like, tragedies of evil, the *mauvaises herbes* that spring up overnight or through cracks in the pavement. Simenon is their inspired collector and cultivator.

There is no harm in giving "trailers" of the plots. Simenon's writing derives its tension not from surprise but from inevitability, and his best stories can be read a second and a third time.

First story, "The Lodger." A gentleman from Turkey takes the vacant room in a Paris boarding house. Has a terrible 'flu that keeps him indoors: poor Monsieur Elie! So kind, so moneyed and travelled, such a gent! And with such a 'flu. It goes on keeping him indoors, sitting about in slippers and dressing-gown, while his landlady urges him, for his own sake, to venture out a little. But perhaps he knows best; and, as it happens, the reason for his taking things easy is that murder in the papers. One by one—the family, the lodgers—they guess his secret, keeping it at first from one another and then sharing it protectively. He sponges on their dislike and pity, prizes them open at their weak points. He won't give himself up, and they'll never give away. The police net closes. . .

Second story: "One Way Out." This time there are two in the web from the beginning. She, seventeen, of respectable parents, has been meeting a lover on the way back from her music lessons—one of the shady seedy drones nurtured on rum and love and cash when they can get it. All they have is their dark doorway (an old woman listens at the window above). She tries to break free, and in a drunken rage he sets fire to her parents' house. Scandal. Elopement to Paris, where they flare and droop in cheap hotels. Her silence, taunts, and a distant way of looking at him makes him want sometimes to kill her. . . . In Paris, too, her father is on the track of old addresses; he has been seen leaving a cinema. No going back, now, and no going forward. Does she love him? She can't say. Climax, double suicide; he shoots the girl first, then himself—but the second bullet (trust instinct!) has gone wide of the heart. As the police hammer their way in he's terrified of not losing consciousness before they pick him up.

There they are, then, squalid narratives in which character has the inevitability of fate and every detail transfixes. The technique, which never impedes, is amazingly vivid. They belong with films like *Quai des Brumes* or *Hotel du Nord*, except that all five senses are kept alive by the printed page. And behind this flow of exact sensations there is the enigmatic mind of the director, whom we can only guess at.

He is obsessed, yet his mania never gets the upper hand. One's conclusion, after reading a number of his books, might be that he would end like the horticulturist in Mr. Wells's story, choked by his loveliest weed. So, possibly, he may (where is Simenon to-day?) but there is no proof of disintegration in his novels; they show, indeed, an increasing range and power. He is immune perhaps to poisons which would destroy a weaker writer, and there's a hint of the charmed life in the daring succession of tales that signal his escape. Could De Quincey have written his *Opium-Eater* without becoming a drug-addict? Can we imagine a celibate Shakespeare, a Proust without hypochondria, a Tennyson who missed the peerage? Is there any more reason to suppose that Simenon, locked to what he contemplates, will avoid being sucked down by his material? Well, it can be done, I suppose, though most experiments of the kind—like Moll Flanders's platonic union—reach their obvious consummation. That Simenon does in fact live a razor-edge existence with a dozen hells of his own waiting to receive him, can be deduced by any reader of his novels and of the autobiographical *Les Crimes de Mes Trois Amis*, which describes an infernal childhood and growing up. His friends took to crime like ducklings to water (one of them became a murderer); he took to writing about crime. There is more in this predilection than the nineteenth-century alliance of poetry and crime. Simenon and his friends began where Baudelaire left off:

Voici le soir charmant, ami du criminel;
Il vient comme un complice, à pas de loup; le ciel
Se ferme lentement comme une grande alcôve,
Et l'homme impatient se change en bête fauve. . .

here is the incitement, the romantic beginning. he solitary and image-making walk in the dusk s been followed by daylight; sordid daylight enetrating into the Rue Pas-de-la-Mule and into n alcove where with a brief spasm one human eing has killed another. G. W. STONIER

THE LIMITS OF FREEDOM

ree Speech in the United States. By ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR. *Humphrey Milford. For the Harvard University Press. 24s.*

When this book first appeared in 1920 it asumed at once a position of classic importance n its field. Now, in the midst of a second world ar, Professor Chafee has reissued it with a disussion of the intervening experience which adds normously to its value. Its merits are its comrehensiveness, its sterling common sense, its dmirable combination of expert legalism with a ll historical background. It is the work of a an who has fought for his principles as well as ritten about them. Not since Mill's famous ssay has the issue been discussed with a fuller nsight into all its implications.

To see what is meant by the new experience rofessor Chafee has to summarise, we must emember when his first book appeared. America ad just emerged into the Harding epoch. Every an with a tinge of liberalism was regarded as a olshevik, and Mr. Justice Holmes had just ritten his famous dissent in the Abrams case. Writing in the years from 1918 to 1920 Professor hafee tended to regard the grim experience of e Espionage Act and all its works as an epoch f lunacy which would be restored to a saner outok with the coming of peace. The war had een won; there was a widespread faith that eason, and not force, would be the method by hich social disputes were resolved. Re-reading e early pages of Professor Chafee's book, it is ifficult to escape the nostalgia that their tenacious iberalism evokes. Yet the new pages, not less dmirable in every way than the old, soon make clear that the problems Professor Chafee has o discuss in the inter-war years make the issue f free speech far more complicated than it eemed to even in the Wilsonian epoch. He mainins with noble vigour his full faith in free utternce. He knows that, unless it be assured, a dark ge descends upon mankind. Yet, reading the areful and scholarly analysis he has made of the ears from 1920 to 1940, one feels that he is less ertain than he was two decades ago that the ause for which he has stoutly fought has the assurance of victory. There is a sceptical note in his final judgment which reflects the different temper of our time.

What is the explanation? In part, it is clear, the place that reason holds in human affairs is now seen to be smaller than we imagined in the first flush of the Wilsonian triumph; in part, also, we have come to understand that discussion is built upon assumptions which only too often serve to conceal the dark and evil foundations upon which they depend. In part, again, the inter-war years have taught us that the slogan of free speech may be used to protect claims which are themselves inherently the enemies of reason. It is not easy to argue that social rights must be so organised that men like Hitler and Mussolini, like Father Coughlin and Martin Dies, like Colonel de la Rocque and Jacques Doriot, are to have the opportunity to broadcast their poison without let or hindrance. It is difficult to accept any theory of freedom which makes it dependent upon an executive procedure. But it is difficult, also, not to admit that when a culture begins to decay the technique of free utterance, in its classic form, may easily become a method by which the gangster makes his way to power. In the light of the last generation, it is tempting to argue that they only are entitled to the benefit of a liberal philosophy in this realm who are prepared themselves to apply it to others when they sit in the seat of power. For these years have made few things so evident as the fact that men who rise to power by the procedures of freedom move eagerly to its suppression once they are in possession of authority.

"Wisdom," writes Professor Chafee, in an admirable sentence, "is even more important than constitutionality." That was the essense of Mr. Justice Holmes's famous remark that one must seek directly to cut the jugular. My own view is that Abraham Lincoln did more for freedom when he by-passed the American Constitution during the Civil War than he would have done if he had paid a more scrupulous attention to the constitutional rights of Mr. Vallandigham. The prescriptions of liberalism in this realm, whether the matter involved be freedom of speech or of the Press, freedom to broadcast or to exhibit a moving picture, only have validity when all parties to their application really believe in the purposes for which the methods of liberalism have been evolved. Those who want freedom for themselves only that they may deny it to others are not interested in freedom, but in power. Wisdom, as Professor Chafee insists by implication, ought to warn us, in the light of our experience, that when men mistake freedom for power they rapidly cease to be interested in freedom. "You make men love their Government and their country," writes Professor Chafee, "by giving them the kind of government and the kind of country that inspire respect and love." But this is not achieved in any sense to which liberal principles are relevant if the loyalty of the citizen is the kind of behaviour exacted by the Gestapo and the concentration camp. An Englishman who remembers the Fascist meetings at Olympia and Thurloe Square will not find it difficult to conclude that freedom of speech for gangsters rapidly becomes freedom of speech for no citizens except gangsters. We who have seen this happen to seventy millions in Germany are not likely to underrate the importance of wisdom in this realm. And the more carefully we explore the methods that wisdom requires the more likely are we to find that its roots lie deep in the soil of economic equality. The more fully the reader of Professor Chafee's remarkable book studies the important appendices which list the Federal and State statutes of the United States on these matters the more, I think, he will be driven to this conclusion. I add the hope that its pages will be studied with care by those whose function it is to advise the Home Secretary on this great problem; for no comparable study of anything like equal value exists in English. HAROLD J. LASKI

ROMANTIC MEMOIRS

Farewell My Youth. By SIR ARNOLD BAX. *Longmans, Green. 7s. 6d.*

Many recent autobiographies, with a great show of candour, have contrived to tell us remarkably little about their authors; the confessions are so carefully selected, the "revelations" so diligently edited to build up the picture which it is desired to present to the public. It is therefore something of a relief to come across so truly candid a little book as Sir Arnold Bax's self-portrait. Brief and unpretentious, it traces with little detail but evident fidelity to mood the composer's life from boyhood until about 1914. He confesses happily to an inborn romanticism, and sets at the head of his memoirs Yeats's famous curse on increasing age:

> What shall I do with this absurdity—
> O heart, O troubled heart—this caricature.
> Decrepit age that has been tied to me
> As to a dog's tail?

Within the general frame of romanticism, however, the artlessness of the book reveals a

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bewildering variety of portraits—successive layers of character which somehow fail (in literature as in music) to blend into a single integrated unmistakable personality. There is, first, a likeable naive young Englishman abroad; then a hopeless "perpetual" lover, somewhat Chehovian quite apart from the fact that his love leads him to remote parts of Russia; then a Celtic mystic, perfectly genuine in spite of his English middle-class origin; then, surprisingly, a sardonic and witty commentator on London life and music. It is to the last that we owe the most entertaining pages of the present book: the encounters in student days with the bigwigs of the earlier generation of British music; the story of that "dressy concert-cum-supper affair" the Music Club, founded about 1908 by Alfred Kalisch; best of all, an admirable impression, which deserves to be remembered and anthologised, of the feelings of a composer during the first performance of a new work at the Queen's Hall. How well he hits off the various types of concert-room *habitué*: for example, the "depressed-looking young man, belonging to that numerous class of persons (noticeable in any audience) who are in the habit of diligently reading and re-reading the names of the orchestral players, announcements of future concerts, and general advertisements printed in the back of the programme book, and continue to do so from one end of a concert to another."

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A ROBIN'S WORLD

The Life of the Robin. By DAVID LACK. *Witherby. 7s. 6d.*

Life-histories of particular species of birds are still few in comparison with the vast mass of bird literature, and so swiftly do bird-watching techniques advance that almost any full-scale study of more than a dozen or so years ago is sure to be seriously out of date in its approach. Mr. Lack's book is the first real study of a bird too familiar to have claimed the attention of a rarity-obsessed ornithology. *The Life of the Robin* is also a new landmark in British bird-watching. Small as it looks, it is a solid job. In terms of one species and one area it focuses almost all that has recently been learnt about how to study wild birds, in America and on the Continent as well as in Britain.

Among the many interesting points brought is that while nearly all male robins are resident, some two-thirds of the females migrate, and that about half the females which stay the winter not only take up territories but sing. The display (often classed as courtship) is proved to be actually a threat to intruding robins. Despite their quarrelsomeness Mr. Lack finds that robins rarely kill or maim one another. Pairing happens from mid-December onwards, and courtship, which raises little excitement, follows it at an interval of weeks or even months. Robins sometimes, but by no means always, choose the same mate when still available in successive years. A wild robin's natural life-span is 11 years or more, and living at nearly a thousand heartbeats a minute, the robin at that age may be rated as equivalent to a 150-year-old man. Unlike man, however, the wild robin has only a very thin chance of living out anything like its full potential life-span. A juvenile robin alive in Britain on August 1st can look forward to just over another 12 months of life, while an adult can look forward to 13 months, the curious part being that with so much premature death the prospects of further survival are still about as good for the four- or five-year-old as the one-year-old. About two-thirds of adult robins die every year.

Mr. Lack's interesting experiments with a stuffed robin showed how entirely behaviour depends on certain actuating signals, such as the sight of another red breast. In one case a hen robin was left making repeated attacks on empty air at a place from which the stuffed robin had just been removed.

In setting so high a standard the book invites certain criticisms. While the destructive analysis of the term "instinct" is sound enough, the later chapters are weak on the constructive side, except in their treatment of individual recognition among birds. The striking tameness of the robin in England, and its song, are only sketchily treated, while its callnotes are virtually ignored. The discussion of territory is also disappointing. If the territory of a robin has as little food value as Mr. Lack suggests, it is difficult to follow the case mentioned on p. 143 of a pair whose territory was exceptionally small and who were constantly involved in skirmishes through trespassing in search of food. The very heavy sprinkling of literary and historical allusions may make the ordinary reader feel more at home, but is open to criticism as encouraging him to think in anthropomorphic terms instead of taking the harder road which leads towards a robin's world. On another point of presentation Mr. Lack should be congratulated: his method of treating a mass of references without upsetting the run of the text is first-rate. Altogether this is an attractive, stim lating and important book for all who care f birds.

E. M. NICHOLSON

Charles Wright: A Memoir. By C. ERN FAYLE. *Allen and Unwin. 8s. 6d.*

Many who were connected with *The Nation* the Twenties will remember Charles Wright, t father of Harold Wright, who for many years w assistant editor and subsequently editor of th paper. He was a man of marked character a ability. His father was a butcher, and he left scho and began to work in a warehouse on a wage of 5s. 9 a week when he was thirteen. Thanks to the Worki Men's College he was later able to give himself pretty thorough education. Eventually, by force character and sheer hard work, he became a wealth man, director of a large marine insurance firm, a one of the leading members of Lloyd's. In Sutto where he lived for many years, he was indefatigab in working for the Sutton Adult School; at th age of 68 he became a Justice of the Peace, and at was elected Chairman of the Juvenile Court. Mr Fayle, who was a personal friend of the Wright tells the story of this life, which might come out the pages of *Self-Help*, with sympathy and simplicity There is much to admire, no doubt, in men like Charle Wright, but one cannot avoid the reflection th virtue might be more attractive if the virtuous wer a little less unattractive.

Week-end Competitions

No. 702

Set by Catherine Carswell

Yeats wrote the line:

"The slow black oxen of the years."

Equally true, or more so, would be—

"The swift white greyhounds of the years."

Competitors are asked for verse quotations, no exceeding two lines, with impromptu alternativ which reverse the statement while expressing equal o greater truth.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the numbe of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, an should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Gre Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Edito by first post on Monday, July 26th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserv the right to print in part or as a whole any matte sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach th required standard no prize will be awarded.

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ESULTS OF COMPETITION No. 699

et by G. W. Stonier

Everywhere, in tubes and buses, the eye is met by nstructional couplets:

Kindly move along the bus
And so make room for more of us.

Competitors are asked to provide three similar sign-osts in verse for one (or one each for three) of the llowing: a ballet audience, members of the thenæum Club, a Turkish Bath, the Ministry of nformation, a Soho horse-steak restaurant, a cinema ueue, reviewers for the *New Statesman and Nation*, eek-end competitors, dog-lovers, and Baconians.

eport by G. W. Stonier

Competitors were best on ballet, the Athenæum, inema queues; lively on the Ministry of Informa-on, Soho restaurants and week-end competitors; ite on *N.S. & N.* reviewers, dogs and Bacon. From mass of entries I print a selection, followed by the inners (sharing equally): Stanley French, S. McM., G. de V., Allan M. Laing, L. E. J.

Ballet.

The Management deplores
Indiscriminate Applause.
(John Hayward)

When o'ertaken by delight
Kindly swoon towards the right.
(Ethel Ross)

Will gents of 45 or over
Refrain from mentioning Pavlova.
(John Usborne)

Members of the Athenæum.

When giving V sign please ensure
Your thought behind the deed is pure.
(A. Lyons)

Here Church and Science meet *ad hoc*,
And no one feels the slightest shock.
(Pantarei)

Owing to paper restrictions imposed
Members are requested to sleep disclosed.
(B. T.)

Cinema Queues

Why drably wait
At Glamour's gate? (E. R. Tigg)

Don't air your views on world-wide news,
When queueing mind your p's and q's.
(A. M. P.)

For cinemas you form a queue
As for the Ark once, two by two.
(Silvia Tatham)

What is this life if full of care
You have no time for Metro-Goldwyn-Meyer?
("Thornhill")

Horse-Steak Restaurants.

Our patrons will find, as a matter of course,
That the best friend of man is as usual the horse.
(M. A. P.)

You didn't back it in the race,
Well, try it now and save your face.
(John Coates)

Baconians.

The name of Francis Verulam
By sound alone precludes a sham.
(Silvia Tatham)

N.S. & N. Reviewers.

Within this Turnstile men and books they rack,
You hear no click but hearken to the clack!
(Edgar Bateman)

Let other journals blurb with brimming heart,
Give us the dirt, informed, well-phrased, and tart.
(Constance Sewell)

Your duty to your reader is to daze him;
To author, just to bury not to praise him.
(W. J. Halliday)

Turkish Bath.

The need for fuel is supreme:
Breathe carefully, and save the steam.
(Guy Innes)

No one slavishly adores
Those with badly bunged-up pores.
(Richard Pomfret)

Show no disgust at what you see,
For God made him—and you, and me.
(Sir Robert Witt)

Ministry of Information.

If information is your aim
We play a very subtle game. (Mic)

We're supposed to inform, but if truth must be told,
We distrust the news hot, so we wait till it's cold.
(Kathleen A. Sullivant)

The staff should only use the fact
L'etat, c'est MOI. with greatest tact.
(W. D. Godwin)

Dog Lovers.

There is a kennel in the yard
If Rover finds the bed too hard.
(Hassell Pitman)

Those sandbags are for our defence,
Not for your dogs' convenience.
(Leslie Johnson)

Week-end Competitors.

Be terse and copious, mild and grim,
To meet each setter's lightest whim;
Be Allan Laing—with pseudonym. (W. J. P.)

What Bliss to master Witt and gain the prizes!
But Upward down, lo! Towanbucket rises.
(G. J. Blundell)

For Members of the Athenæum Club.

1. Bishops who remove their gaiters
   Must not throw them at the waiters.
2. The right to dine without their collars
   Is still confined to bearded scholars.
3. Members, note: till stock increases
   Toilet rolls are not for theses.

(Stanley French)

1. For a ballet audience—
   Bobby's, till the curtain falls,
   Averse to chatter from the stalls;
   So while he's on the stage you'd best
   Give his private life a rest.
2. For week-end competitors—
   Pay no attention to the quips of Witt
   He only does this for the fun of it;
   Admire the fine strategic dispositions
   Of F.C.C., who *lives* on competitions.
3. For week-end competitors—
   Beware the infernal
   Clutches of this journal. (S. McM.)

1. Week-end Competitor.
   A. knew his Pope, but B. did better.
   He made a study of his setter.
2. Cinema Queue.
   Swerve not an inch, arriving thus
   At Lake, Loy, Ladd, not cat's meat, bus.
3. Members of the Athenæum Club.
   Cave, Sirs, for standing by
   Is either Lord Woolton or Timothy Shy.

(G. de V.)

1. The Athenæum.
   Members may not, when they expire,
   Retain the armchairs near the fire.
2. N.S. & N. Reviewers.
   Write exactly what you think
   On a background shaded pink.
3. A Ballet Audience.
   The ballet lover never bets
   About the length of pirouettes. (A. M. Laing)

At the Athenæum Club.

In the Coffee Room:
When you cannot remember your neatest impromptu
The Coffee-room Steward, if rung for, will prompt you.
In the Kitchens:
Now remember, you waiters, when taking the fish up
It's Crabs for a Critic, and soles for a Bishop.
In the Cloak-room:
To prevent loss of teeth (through mislaying or thieving),
Please open your mouth to the Porter on leaving.
(L. E. J.)

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Conference

ASSOCIATION of Teachers of Speech and Drama—"Spoken English: our Problems and our Needs in Terms of a National Policy." Week-end Conference will be held Saturday, August 7th, and Sunday, August 8th, at the Great Hall, British Medical Association, Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Conference will be opened by J. B. Priestley. Speakers include H. C. Dent, L. A. G. Strong, Cecil Day Lewis, Stephen Potter, Dr. J. E. Underwood. Programmes of Conference and tickets (10*s.*) from Miss Gulick, Hon. Sec. A.T.S.D., Roedean School, Keswick, Cumberland.

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Classified Advertisement Rates: All Information on page 48.

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WANTED Aug., central London, dble. room, breakfast. Manners, 15 S. Bailey, Durham.

WANTED for Czech girl, 14 years, speaks English fluently, Holiday Home in safe area, country preferred. State full particulars. Box 30, Smith's, 889 Finchley Road, N.W.11.

REQUIRED for lecturer to schools frequently in London for week or fortnight, self-contained small flat, furnished, vicinity Russell Square. State terms. Box 854.

ACCOMMODATION needed, lady, student daughter. Return help. Aylesbury dist. Dyer, 176 Wendover Road, Stoke Mandeville.

TWO beautifully furnished rooms, or single, use kitchen, bath, phone, electric fires, in private flat. 4 minutes Belsize Park Tube, 8 minutes Swiss Cottage. Primrose 2354.

FUR. Bed-sit.-room, board optional. All conveniences in court. Phone GLA 2850.